

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 52—No. 40.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1874.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The FIRST of the SERIES of SATURDAY CONCERTS will take place on SATURDAY, October 10th, 1874. Vocalists—Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Santley. Solo Pianoforte—Mr Franklin Taylor. The Programme will include: Overture in C, Op. 24 (Mendelssohn), written for Military Band, and newly arranged for Full Orchestra by A. Manns—first time of performance; Pianoforte Concerto No. 4, in F minor (W. S. Bennett); Symphony No. 2, in D (Beethoven); "A Faust Overture" (Wagner)—first time in England. Conductor—A. MANNS.

MR W. H. HOLMES'S PIANOFORTE CONCERT on FRIDAY, Oct. 30, at Three o'clock (by kind permission), at 26, PORTLAND PLACE. Mr Charles Harper (Horn) will perform a Solo, and in Sonata (Beethoven) with Mr W. H. Holmes. Mr G. W. Hammond will play in Duet, Two Pianofortes (Ferdinand Hiller), with Mr W. H. Holmes. Fugue (by Handel); Adagio (Greig); Concerto (Raff), the Orchestral Accompaniments arranged expressly by Mr W. H. Holmes; Studies (F. B. Jewson); and "Incidental Overture," for the Orchestra, arranged for the Pianoforte (first time), will be performed by Mr W. H. Holmes. Vocalists—Miss Harriett Harper and Mr Frank Holmes, who will sing (for the first time) "Memories sad and sweet," the words by Mrs Balcan, the music (MS.) by Mr W. H. Holmes. At the next Concert there will be compositions for Pianoforte and Clarinet with Mr Lazarus. Also "Jubilee Concerto" (MS.), by Mr W. H. Holmes (first time of performance). Programmes, and Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had only of Mr W. H. HOLMES, 36, Beaumont Street, Marylebone.

BRIXTON CHORAL SOCIETY. Conductor—Mr WILLIAM LEMARK. The SIXTH SEASON will commence on October 5th. The following works will be performed:—Sir Frederick Ouseley's *St Polycarp*; Barnett's *Paradise and the Peri*; Macfarren's *St John the Baptist*; Spohr's *Calvary*; Handel's *Saul*. Accompanist—Mr James Coward. Prospectuses and all information can be obtained at Mr W. LEMARK'S Music Studio, Angel Town Institution; or of Mr GEO. BROOKS, 25, Trinity Square, Brixton.

"ALICE."

MRS JOHN CHESHIRE will perform ASCHER'S popular Transcription of "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Mr J. Cheshire's Harp Recital, at the Pavilion, Brighton, on the 25th of October.

"WHEN THE WIND BLOWS IN FROM THE SEA."

MADAME THADDEUS WELLS and Mr ORLANDO CHRISTIAN will sing HENRY SMART'S admired Duet, "WHEN THE WIND BLOWS IN FROM THE SEA," at Ayr, October 5th; Irvine, 6th; Ardrossan, 7th; Annan, 8th; Leek, 9th; and Southport, 10th.

"A LOVER'S SONG."

MR VERNON RIGBY will sing a New Song, composed expressly for him by L. DIEHL (composer of "The Mariner"), entitled, "A LOVER'S SONG," at Worcester, October 8.

MR HANDEL GEAR, Professor of Singing, begs to announce his Return to Town.—68, Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

MDME TATE and **MDLLE EMILE TATE** have returned to London for the Winter Season, and can accept ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, and give Lessons in Singing and on the Pianoforte on moderate terms. Address to the care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

REMOVAL.

MADAME LOUISE LIEBHART begs to announce that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, Lessons, &c., may be addressed to her residence, 19, Hanover Street, Hanover Square.

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MRS HOWARD PAUL, having undertaken to receive Subscriptions on behalf of the Orphan Daughter of a distinguished Singer, begs to invite the assistance of members of the Musical and Dramatic profession in raising a sufficient sum to send her to the Cape of Good Hope, where she will have fair prospects, if she can procure the means of going. The name of the lady may be known on private application, but from motives of delicacy is withheld from further publicity. Any Subscriptions forwarded to the above address will be gratefully received and acknowledged in the columns of this paper.

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MAGGIE'S RANSOM. Song. The Words by C. L. KENNEY. The Music by M. W. BALFE. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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A LOVER'S SONG. Composed expressly for, and sung by Mr VERNON RIGBY. The Poetry by EDWARD COPPING. The Music by LOUIS DIEHL (Composer of "The Mariner," &c.) "Mr Vernon Rigby next reappeared, and sang 'A Lover's Song,' expressly composed for him by Louis Diehl. Both the words and music of the song are simple, and they received ample justice from the singer. An encore was demanded, and Mr Rigby repeated the last verse."—*Birmingham Daily Post*. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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"Lillie Albrecht's little piece, 'The Maiden's Sigh,' is called a 'Reverie for the Pianoforte.' It is effective, and a good exercise for the fingers."—*London Figaro*.

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"Pianists will find in Lillie Albrecht's *Reverie*, 'The Maiden's Sigh,' an acceptable little morceau."—*Sunday Times*.

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"This composition is, in all respects, worthy of its predecessor, 'My sweetheart when a boy.' It is simple in structure, and within the means of every amateur; but its music is pleasing, and thoroughly appropriate to the words. No doubt the song will soon win a share of public favour."—*Musical World*.

"Mr Wilford Morgan's song, 'Her I love,' will be certain to find many admirers for the musicianly instinct which pervades it, as well as for the happy manner in which the very pretty melody has been laid out for the voice."—*Morning Post*.

LIVERPOOL TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From the "Times.")

Sept. 27.

It is nearly forty years ago that the last great music meeting dignified by the name and title of "Festival" was held in this populous and wealthy town. The occasion—October, 1836—was made memorable by the first production in England of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*—now unanimously accepted as inferior only to his *Elijah*. The oratorio had been once previously given—viz., at the Festival held in the spring of the same year, at Düsseldorf on the Rhine. For this occasion it had been expressly written, and Mendelssohn himself conducted the performance. Though Liverpool could not then, as Birmingham could ten years later with *Elijah*, boast of being the active cause of bringing a new masterpiece into the world, it was at all events entitled to the merit of having been the first to make the earlier oratorio of Handel's legitimate successor known to this country. Why since 1836 up till the present time no more "Festivals," properly so called, should have been projected and carried out at Liverpool it is difficult to say. The objections conscientiously raised in certain quarters against oratorios being performed in the church, after the manner which has so long been the custom in cathedral cities, can now no longer interfere with the charitable objects in aid of which these great gatherings are invariably promoted. Liverpool, like Birmingham, has built itself a hall—nay, two halls; for the colossal St. George's is repeatedly used for the purposes of music. The opening of the Philharmonic Hall in 1849 was celebrated by a series of musical performances quite on "festival" scale, and so was the opening of St. George's Hall several years later—the conductor at the one being Sir Julius (then Mr) Benedict; at the other, the late Sir Henry Rowley Bishop. At last, however, some of the most influential people in the town and county are apparently resolved that a great meeting shall be held once every three years, and the first "Liverpool Triennial Musical Festival" will be the all-engrossing topic of the next seven days. The promised visit of the Duke of Edinburgh renders the occasion one of double interest. His Royal Highness has signified his intention of honouring with his presence the performances of sacred oratorio at the Philharmonic Hall, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. On Tuesday the oratorio is to be, appropriately enough, Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*; for Wednesday a miscellaneous selection is announced, comprising the first and second parts of Haydn's *Creation*, M. Gounod's new mass, *S.S. Angeli Custodes*, and excerpts from the *Messiah*; Thursday will be devoted exclusively to Mr Arthur S. Sullivan's oratorio, *The Light of the World*, which achieved such brilliant success at the last Birmingham Festival. On this occasion, as on that of 1873, the composer himself is to direct the performance. Whether the Duke of Edinburgh purposes attending any of the evening concerts, which, like those of the morning, are to be held in the Philharmonic Hall, appears at present uncertain; nor will the limited time at his disposal permit him to honour the Festival Ball with his presence. This is a disappointment in more ways than one. Nevertheless, his visit to Liverpool, the musical part of the Festival left out of consideration, will give his Royal Highness more than enough to do.

Upon the general programme, one of the most varied and interesting ever made out by Sir Julius Benedict, whose experience in such matters is unrivalled, comment in detail must be postponed till to-morrow. At present we can only add that M. Gounod is positively not coming, and that the musical amateurs of Liverpool must console themselves for the absence of the renowned French composer by listening to his music, of which they are happily not deprived. The Musical Festival virtually begins on Tuesday, with *St. Paul*.

Rehearsals of the most important pieces in the programme were going on all Saturday, morning and evening, under the direction of Sir Julius Benedict, and Monday will be similarly taken up. The weather is magnificent, and all promises well. Already the receipts from sale of tickets exceed £6,000.

September 29.

Rarely has a musical festival been honoured by more distinguished support than that which begins in the Liverpool Philharmonic Hall this morning. The "special patronage" of Her Majesty the Queen,

the Princesses Christian and Mary of Cambridge, Prince Christian, and the Duke of Teck has been graciously vouchsafed. The Duke of Edinburgh, as genuine an amateur as ever came of Royal blood—not only amateur, by the way, but *tant soit peu*, professor, and even "virtuoso," into the bargain—consents to officiate as President. The Vice-Presidents are upwards of 90 in number, among them being the Archbishop of York, the Bishops of Chester, Manchester, Ripon, Worcester, Sodor and Man; the Mayor of Liverpool, Earl Sefton (Lord Lieutenant of the county), the Duke of Westminster, Earls Derby, Shrewsbury and Talbot, Denbigh, Wilton, Harrowby, and Mar, Viscount Sandon, Lords Skelmersdale and Richard Grosvenor, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, the American, Russian, German, Italian, Belgian, Austrian, Danish, Greek, Swiss, Spanish, Brazilian, Dutch, Venezuelan, Hawaiian, Haytian, and Chilian Consuls, together with others too many to specify in detail. Then, there is a "council" of 125 gentlemen (chairman, Mr A. B. Walker), the result of whose conferences it is generally hoped and believed will verify the adage—"in the multitude of counsellors is wisdom;" and, lastly, an "executive committee" of 12, who, having undertaken, it may fairly be presumed, the largest amount of responsibility, deserve to be mentioned by name:—Messrs Albrecht F. Eggers (chairman), Clarke Aspinall, James L. Bowes, J. Bolingbroke Cooper, A. J. Gnosspelius, A. G. Kirtz, J. D. Philipps, W. Winter Raffles, J. E. Dudley Ryder, E. Samuelson, James M. Wood, jun., and Robertson Gladstone, jun. (hon. treasurer).

For the musical arrangements, as finally settled on, Sir Julius Benedict has alone to answer; and there seems every probability that the issue will show that the eminent musician has performed his task in every way to the satisfaction of the committee and the public. There can be but one reasonable cause for grumbling; and that, it need scarcely be said, is the omission of the promised new symphony in C, which Sir Julius had half pledged himself to complete for the occasion, and which, if we remember well, was advertised in the early circulars. Nevertheless, the programme is varied and interesting enough as it stands. While containing something for all tastes, the good predominates. Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* of itself is, for more reasons than one, a prominent attraction. Besides the delight it never fails to give to all who care for genuine sacred music, it may possibly bring back to some who heard it when first produced in Liverpool, nearly four decades since, the pleasant memories of old times. *St. Paul* begins the Festival in the morning of to-morrow. In the evening the first grand miscellaneous puts forth, in the orchestral way, two novelties from which a good deal is expected—the first a "Festival March," entitled "*Edinburgh*" (dedicated to the Royal President), the second a "Grand Festival Overture," from the pen of Mr G. A. Macfarren, composer of the oratorio *John the Baptist*. In addition to these, Mdlle Dora Schirmacher, a very young artist, of whom great things is predicated, is to make her *début* with Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto in G minor; and Herr Ludwig Straus will play violin solos by Joachim, Raff and Brahms, the opening symphony being Mozart's incomparable "G minor," the final overture, the *Tannhäuser* of Wagner. The rest consists chiefly of well-known vocal pieces, Madame Adelina Patti and Mdlle Emma Albani being the leading singers. That these will afford unanimous satisfaction there can be little doubt. To-morrow (Wednesday) morning's programme comprises M. Gounod's latest mass, "*S. S. Angeli Custodes*" (first time at Liverpool), together with selections from Haydn's *Creation* and from three of Handel's greatest oratorios—the *Messiah*, *Israel in Egypt*, and *Judas Maccabeus*. At the evening concert Beethoven's *Pastoral* Symphony and Rossini's *Guillaume Tell* overture are to be heard, the first part ending with M. Gounod's *Funeral March of a Marionette* (orchestral version), the second with the same composer's cantata, *Joan of Arc*, both of which are new to Liverpool. Vocal music by Madame Patti, Mr Sims Reeves, and Herr Conrad Behrens fill up the measure of attraction. Thursday morning will be wholly devoted to Mr Arthur S. Sullivan's *Light of the World*, with Misses Edith Wynne and Galloway, Madame Patey, Messrs Sims Reeves, Edward Lloyd, and Santley in the chief parts. At the evening concert Mdlle Albani will be *prima donna assoluta*, Madame Patti's engagement being limited to two only

of the miscellaneous concerts. Madame Patey, Messrs Lloyd and Santley are also to sing, and Mr J. T. Carrodus to play one of his admirable violin solos. The symphony chosen for the occasion is Mendelssohn's in A major (the *Italian*), the overtures being Weber's *Euryanthe* and Mozart's *Figaro*—masterpieces both. The novelty of the programme is Mr John Francis Barnett's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, a "descriptive" orchestral piece in four movements, written by that very clever and intelligent young musician purposely for this Festival. Enough has been said to show that the programme of each successive day has its special and legitimate attractions. A better one, indeed, of its kind, has very rarely been offered to a Festival public, at Liverpool or elsewhere. At present we need say nothing about the "Grand Competition of Choral Societies, Choirs, and Vocalists" announced for Friday, or the "Grand Concert and Distribution of Prizes" which brings the Festival to an end on Saturday.

Rehearsals were held yesterday in the Philharmonic Hall from early in the morning till late in the afternoon. Amongst other things, Mr Macfarren's *Festival Overture*, Mr Barnett's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, the oratorio *St Paul*, excerpts from the *Creation*, and even the National Anthem, were carefully gone through, Sir Julius Benedict conducting all, with the exception of Mr Barnett's "descriptive orchestral piece," the direction of which was confided to the composer himself. This rehearsal showed quite enough to convince amateurs that Sir Julius had gathered about him an orchestra not less efficient in quality than numerically strong (upwards of 100 players), with M. Sainton as leader or "chef d'attaque" (equivalents), and a professor of recognized ability at the head of each separate department. About the chorus we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. What Liverpool (Lancashire, in short) can do in this way is tolerably well known. Take the voices as here combined, and they are hardly to be surpassed in vigour, freshness, and discipline. All the leading singers were at this rehearsal, except Madame Patti, whose services were not required for the occasion, and Mr Sims Reeves, who, we understand, is not expected till to-morrow.

September 29, Evening.

A finer performance of Mendelssohn's magnificent *St Paul* than that which opened the first Liverpool Triennial Festival to-day, in the presence of the Duke of Edinburgh, has rarely under any circumstances been listened to. As nearly as possible faultless in almost every detail, it reflected the highest credit on Sir Julius Benedict and those who sang and played under his experienced direction, Mendelssohn himself, exacting as he notoriously was, would, we feel assured, have been satisfied with such an interpretation of his first great sacred work. The Philharmonic Hall was not so full as could have been wished; in fact the audience was less numerous than appreciative. Appreciative it was, however, to a remarkable degree, in proof of which it may be stated that, imitating the admirable example set (not for the first time) by the Royal President—who arrived punctually at the commencement and remained until the end—but very few persons left the hall until the very last note of the grand chorus, "Not only unto him," which brings the oratorio to a glorious climax. His Royal Highness was cordially welcomed as he entered the box allotted to himself and suite. The National Anthem was then sung—Miss Edith Wynne giving her solo verse in a style that may have brought back to not a few the voice and declamation of Mdme Clara Novello. Another verse was sung in duet by Messrs E. Lloyd and Santley; and the chorus took part in the last. The overture, in which one of the noblest of Lutheran chorals is treated with such wonderful power, both in the stately progress of the opening movement and the ingenious contrivances of the fugue, was then performed; and the execution of this splendid prelude said as much in favour of the orchestra as the chorus, "Lord! Thou alone art God," directly following it, said in favour of the company of vocalists, men and women. This Liverpool chorus, we cannot but think, in such qualities as help to realize the *beau idéal* of choral singing, has few, if any, superiors. In the choral "To God on high be thanks and praise," the same perfection was remarked. The intonation of the Lancashire singers was scrupulously correct in soft passages as in loud, to say nothing about the never-failing precision of "attack" or about the "ensemble"—harmony

itself, not merely because of the careful balance of power, giving to each separate department its appropriate significance, but also because of the careful training to which every member of the choir has cheerfully submitted in advance. For this surprising efficiency credit is in a great measure due to the local "chorus-master," Mr James Sanders, whose ability and zeal lay claim to unconditional acknowledgment. The praise bestowed upon the choral already specified is equally due to the others, through whose means, while guarding that reticence which some of his imitators are less careful to observe, Mendelssohn imparts so broad and significant a colouring to his essentially Protestant oratorio. The plaintive and pathetic "To Thee, O Lord," and "Sleepers wake! a voice is calling," one of the most striking passages in the episode of Saul's "Conversion," were instances signally in point. Each was given in such a manner as to bring out in its strongest light its impressive solemnity.

Further than this, the execution of all those full choruses set out by elaborate orchestral accompaniments was equally beyond criticism; and, not to enter into a new description of things so often described, we may add that the intermediate choruses, such, for instance, in one sense, as the impetuous "Stone him to death," in another sense, "Happy and blest are they who have endured," and "How lovely are the messengers who preach the Gospel of Peace" were just as accurately delivered as any of the others, and distinguished, moreover, by a delicacy congenial to their peculiarly smooth and melodious character. The choral singing, in a word, was all that could possibly be desired. The leading solo vocalists, Miss E. Wynne, Madame Patey, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Mr Santley, were, without exception, more than equal to the occasion. Few Londoners are unaware of the excellence frequently displayed by these accomplished artists in music of the kind, and when it is stated that all did their very best, it may be easily understood that the best of that best was exemplified in their respective performances. No singers are more completely at home in the music of Mendelssohn than English singers, because no singers have taken it so much to heart. It is indeed with them, as is that of Handel, household music. Thus the rendering of *St Paul* to-day was all that had been prognosticated and all that we have endeavoured to describe. The Festival could not have been inaugurated more auspiciously. How much interest the Duke of Edinburgh took in the performance might be gathered from the fact that he did not choose to be deprived of any part of it.

The Duke of Edinburgh attended the first miscellaneous concert this evening. The hall was crowded in every part by a brilliant audience. Mdme Patti and Mdle Albani sang. The new Festival March, by Professor Oakeley, and the new Festival Overture, by Mr Macfarren, were both performed. Miss Dora Schirmacher played a pianoforte concerto by Mendelssohn, and Herr Straus played solos for the violin. A symphony by Mozart and an overture by Wagner were also features of the concert, which was conducted by Sir Julius Benedict, and was in every respect successful.

The Duke of Edinburgh arrived during the first part, and heard almost every piece in the second. His visit was all the more welcome because generally unexpected.

His Royal Highness will be present at a concert of sacred music to-morrow, and also at the performance of Mr Sullivan's oratorio on Thursday.

September 30.

The first "miscellaneous" concert of vocal and instrumental music, to which brief reference was made yesterday, deserves more than a passing notice. In accordance with long established custom, we subjoin the programme, as a fair example of what such things ordinarily are, and on special occasions prove most acceptable:—

PART I.

Symphony in G Minor	Mozart.
Aria—Herr Conrad Behrens, "Qui sdegno".....	Mozart.
Aria—Mdle Albani, "Qui la voce".....	Belini.
Concerto (G minor) for pianoforte—Miss Dora Schirmacher	Mendelssohn.
Cavatina—Madame Adelina Patti, "Ernani involami".....	Verdi.
Festival March, "Edinburgh"	{ Professor H. S. Oakeley, of Edinburgh.

PART II.

Grand Festival Overture	G. A. Macfarren.
Aria—Madame Adelina Patti, "Ombra leggiera" ...	Meyerbeer.
Cavatina, for violin	Joh. Raff.
Three Hungarian Dances, violin and pianoforte—Herr	
Ludwig Straus and Miss Dora Schirmacher	Brahms and Joachim.
Cavatina—Mlle Albani, "Oh luce di quest' anima"	Donizetti.
Song—Herr Conrad Behrens, "Der Wanderer"	Schubert.
Song—Madame Adelina Patti, "The Bird that came	
in Spring"	Benedict.
Overture— <i>Tannhäuser</i>	Richard Wagner.

A better selection could hardly have been made out. Effective contrast and variety of style, combined with sterling excellence, no matter under what guise presented, were its distinguishing marks. All tastes were consulted, and thus all tastes were gratified, each in its peculiar way. It must in truth be recorded that music of the very highest order was not exactly that which seemed most to please the greater number. As an instance, it will suffice to state that Mozart's Symphony in G minor, one of the most finished and original orchestral works that ever came from the pen of a composer, no matter how naturally gifted, no matter how thoroughly versed in the theory and practice of his art, though admirably played under the direction of Sir Julius Benedict, and listened to with interest by some genuine amateurs, who would gladly have heard one, or even two, of the movements over again, produced but little effect on the majority. Perhaps a lighter and gayer work of the kind would have suited them better. Herr Conrad Behrens, from Her Majesty's Opera, gave the air from *Il Flauto Magico* impressively enough; but the first sensation was created by Mlle Albani, who sang the well-known air from *I Puritani* in a style of which London amateurs need scarcely be reminded, and at once roused the sympathies of the audience. Nothing could be more gracefully and unpretentiously expressive than the singing of the fair Canadian, who was applauded and called back with unanimity.

The young pianist, Miss Dora Schirmacher, pupil, we are informed, of Herr Reinecke, the Leipzig *Capellmeister*, did honour to her master and credit to herself by her spirited execution of Mendelssohn's first concerto. She gave the first and last movements with the vigour which is their predominant characteristic—the *rondo* more especially; while in the middle movement (*andante*) one of the most charmingly melodious inspirations of its kind, she exhibited not only a delicate touch, but real feeling. Such promise at the early age of 15 merits cordial recognition. The audience were gratified beyond measure, and expressed their approval in the heartiest manner. During the second part of the concert Miss Schirmacher accompanied Herr Straus in the three "Hungarian Dances" arranged by Brahms and Joachim for violin and pianoforte with the ease and readiness of a trained professor. The masterly performance of Herr Straus lost nothing by the co-operation of so clever an accompanist. After Mendelssohn's concerto, Mlle Adelina Patti—a vocal heroine whenever and wherever she appears—came forward, amid enthusiastic plaudits from every part of the hall, and sang, in her own incomparable manner, the famous *cavatina* from Verdi's *Ernani*. Her delivery of this showy and brilliant air—remarkable no less for fluency and vigour than for a delightful equality of tone throughout all the notes in the register of her voice, from high to low, has been more than once described in befitting terms; and there is no necessity to say more than that, as usual, it made the liveliest impression. With the equally well-known and still more popular "Ombra leggiera," from *Dinorah*, it was the same as it has always been. An encore too emphatic to be ignored was the consequence; but in place of repeating Meyerbeer's picturesque *scena*—for *scena* it is, and nothing less—Mlle Patti gave "Home, Sweet Home," in that simple and unaffected manner with which we are all acquainted.

The "Festal March" of Mr Herbert S. Oakeley, Musical Professor at the University of Edinburgh, was well played and well received. It is spirited and effectively arranged for the orchestra, and while occasionally suggesting certain reminiscences of one or two of the marches composed on various occasions by Mendelssohn, it is the rhythm alone that conjures them up, Professor Oakeley being too conscientious and too earnest a musician wilfully to plagiarize from any master. The "Festal March" is dedicated to the Duke of Edinburgh, who, at the

end of the performance, graciously sent for the composer to express his satisfaction; and this was the more appropriate inasmuch as the work was written to commemorate the wedding of his Royal Highness and the occasion of his becoming patron of the Edinburgh University Musical Society.

The Festival Overture by Mr Macfarren, which opened the second part of the concert, merits deeper consideration than can be given to it after a single hearing. That it is the work of a consummate musician may be taken for granted, and that it exhibits a fresh kind of view of what such an occasional piece should be, will as readily be believed. In whatever he does, Mr Macfarren is, above all, original. His ideas are invariably his own, like his method of working them out, and this has rarely been better exemplified than in the work under consideration. The overture is precisely what it was intended to be—a Festival Overture in the strictest sense of the phrase. It is full of vigorous life, and scored for the orchestra with a skill that only ripe experience can bring. On the whole, it was extremely well played and thoroughly answered its purpose. If it adds nothing to its composer's well-earned reputation, it assuredly takes nothing from it. There will, however be other opportunities of hearing and judging it dispassionately.

The Duke of Edinburgh attended this morning's performance of sacred music, arriving at the commencement and remaining till the end. The second miscellaneous concert was also honoured by the presence of the Duke. We must reserve comment. Mr Sims Reeves came, according to promise, in time for the evening performance, sang his very best, and was welcomed with enthusiasm. Madame Adelina Patti also sang, and the hall was again crowded in every part. Tomorrow morning, when Mr Arthur Sullivan's oratorio, *The Light of the World*, is to be given, the Duke of Edinburgh will once more be present.

MUSIC AT BRUSSELS.

(From a Correspondent.)

At the Théâtre de la Monnaie, *La Juive* has been performed with Mad. Sass, Mlle Hamaekers, MM. Salomon, Laurent and Echetto in the leading parts. The dresses, scenery, and properties are new, but not particularly remarkable for elegance or good taste. *Le Domino Noir* has been given with Mesdames Cheuvreau, Priola, MM. Blum and Laurent. Mlle Priola, as Angèle, was good, but not so good as had been expected. Her companions were worse than had been expected. Speaking of the second young lady, the *Journal amusant* writes as follows:—

"Mlle Marguerite Polliart, known as Mlle Priola, was a pupil of Condere's. She was engaged, with several of her fair fellow students at the Paris Conservatory, to sing the choruses from Wagner's *Rienzi*, which M. Pasdeloup introduced to the notice of the Parisians in April, 1869. She was fortunate enough to be called on to execute one of the few melodious pieces in the work, as little adapted for the stage as it is learned. Her pure, fresh, and well sounding voice produced a marvellous effect. Being engaged immediately at the Théâtre Lyrique, she created the part of the Duchess in Boulanger's *Don Quichotte*. The piece was only a half-success, and the young lady could not distinguish herself in it as greatly as it had been hoped she would. Auber singled her out to create the principal character in his *Rêves d'Amour*, produced at the Opéra-Comique, the 20th December, 1869. She sustained the part of Henriette with much easy self-possession. In *Fra Diavolo* (March, 1870), she restored the air which had long been omitted in the second act, and was very difficult to execute. It procured her a recall. In *L'Ombre*, performed the same year, she achieved the reputation she enjoys at the present day. The character of Abeille is that in which her peculiar gifts appear to the best advantage. Philine, also, in *Mignon*, afforded her an opportunity of showing the suppleness of her voice and the delicate style of her singing. It suited her, moreover, as an actress, as well as did Rose Friquet, in *Les Dragons de Villars*. Lastly, her most recent creation in *Le Roi Ta dit* has once more proved her to be a skilful vocalist. To sum up, Mlle Priola is the only lady able, in the Opéra-Comique repertory, to sing the grand parts. Her *débuts*, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie have been very happy. She succeeded at once like a great artist, and caused us to forget her predecessors.

Giroflé-Girofla is drawing good houses at the Alcazar, where *Le Chignon d'Or* is in rehearsal.

A petition has been presented by a large number of composers, professors of music, and musicians, to the Municipal Authorities, begging that the musical library belonging to the Town may be thrown open to the public.

THE CANTATRICE.*

I have never found it possible to approach one of these queens of song and rulers of the stage without being struck by the anomalies and the breadth of her existence. What an exciting life is theirs! How many people gather round them! What attentions! What homage! What interests are at stake! What passions! What other woman—what idol, I ought to say—ever saw so many fervent devotees at her feet? But, on the other hand, what hard work! What emotions! What unceasingly renewed fatigue! The public, which never cares for aught save results, little suspects what efforts, continually renewed, what assiduous labour, what intelligence, what patience, what reflection, is required even from the Cantatrice who has attained the apogee of her talent and her reputation, to keep the position she has achieved, to nurse her voice, on which everything depends for her, to preserve her strength, to learn the secret of constantly varying her natural capabilities, and of actively interpreting the innumerable different parts in which she must successively excite admiration. If to all this we add the fact that she has to learn her parts, frequently very long and bristling with difficulties; that she must attend rehearsals; that she cannot withdraw from the world; that people quarrel and almost come to fisticuffs for her society; that, in one season, she sometimes sings more than thirty times elsewhere than at the theatre; that she must be always ready, always well up to the mark (*bien entraînée*), and never inferior to herself; that she has not even the time to be ill; and that, in this life of struggles, in which everything must excite and enervate her, a neglected cold, by destroying the marvellous instrument which she possesses within herself, and to perfect which she has devoted twenty years, is sufficient to ruin her whole future, we may form some notion of her strange destiny.

Well! It is the very fragility of such an existence which sets loose so many passions—I might say, excites such acts of madness—around her. The public know that the voice which, with its divine accents, sends them into ecstasies, hangs on a thread. They know that at any moment they may be deprived of it for ever. This is what renders them so prodigal of their applause. This is what works them up to indulge in so many recalls. This is what suggests the enthusiastic hurrahs, the crowns of flowers, the serenades, the unharnessing of horses from carriages, the princely presents, and the homage of sovereigns—nay, of women themselves—vertiginous ovations, which the Cantatrice at last cannot do without, to which she becomes accustomed, and which cause her to traverse the entire globe at the risk of encountering unknown fatigue, and all sorts of perils; braving shipwreck and pestilence. The world calls her, the world wants to see and hear her, to revel in her song and in her beauty. Think of the appalling satisfaction of *amour-propre* in the existence of a Malibran, a Sontag, a Jenny Lind, a Grisi, a Patti, or a Nilsson, and tell me whether, having everything in their favour: youth, beauty, fortune, talent, burning affection, and universal homage, these happy fair ones are not really the queens of the world, and if they do not exhaust everything adorable and profound in life. Tell me, moreover, whether a man of genius, as a reward for an entire existence of severe study, of study soaring into the highest spheres of intelligence, and, as its result, raising the moral level of humanity, tell me, I repeat, whether such a man ever received from his contemporaries the like marks of esteem and tenderness? After this, speak of justice, if you dare.

I have just shown you one side of the existence of the Cantatrice. Now look at the other, all you, who, in your secret hearts, envy her this life of rapture. For the very reason that the position of a queen of the stage is a most enviable one for a woman, and almost the only one which allows her to hold a distinguished place on the stage of the world, how many women dream of it! how many women are ambitious to possess it! To what ardent rivalry does this give rise? to what wars of savages? How many ambushes have to be avoided? how much hypocrisy must be borne, how much treason must be feared, and how many mistakes must be dreaded? The fury of a mother, whose infant has just been torn from her breast, is nothing compared to that of the artist, old and worn out, when a younger rival, gifted with superior powers, comes to take her place. The latter must keep

good watch and ward. For a long time she will live in an enemy's country.

"In my dressing-room, in which you see me," said one of them to me, with closed doors, "I should not dare to confide anything important to you, even in a whisper. The walls do not possess ears, but I am always surrounded by spies. I am bound to suspect all those about me, my dresser, my hair-dresser, my own maid, my fellow-artists, my manager, and even the man who pays court to me! . . . They want to know what I think; what I propose doing with my holiday; whether I shall renew my engagement; and, if so, on what terms; if I feel well; if I am ill; whether I am in love, alas! . . . and, above all, whom I am in love with, for, as you saw on the occasion of Cruvelli's marriage, and Patti's, we are not allowed to choose a husband to suit our own taste."—Another said to me: "Would you believe it? I never dare traverse, without trembling, the long dark corridors which separate my dressing-room from the stage. I feel that I am so beloved here that I always fear a trap will open beneath my feet, and that I shall be precipitated, with all my bones broken, into the vaults below."

A third lady—she was a *danseuse*, by the way—told me one day that she had nearly trodden on some fragments of glass, scattered about her dressing-room. Who had put them there? The object in view was to lame her.

Be well assured of one thing: the leading lady, the *diva* of every large lyric theatre, merely to maintain her position, to keep up her friendships, and to disconcert her foes, must employ with her manager, her fellow artists, with authors, with composers, with pressmen, with members of the fashionable world, and with persons holding office, a thousand times more astuteness, political cleverness, tact, and prudence, than a constitutional sovereign—if he entertains the surreptitious idea of governing—in his dealings with his people and his ministers. To render her quite complete, she ought to have the soul of a Richelieu with the exterior of a fairy and the voice of a syren. Everything depends on the last; everything is in the voice. The voice is the key of the arch in the fragile edifice of the Cantatrice. The brutal and ungrateful public, who constitute her strength, pitilessly discharge her the instant her voice becomes frayed. Nothing is then left to the queen of song but the cruel recollection of her sovereignty.

One more characteristic fact. Endowed with such seductive power, these ladies—these *stars* as they are called, and the figure is well chosen, for how many satellites gravitate around them—excite extraordinary devotion, poodle-like attachment, and, also, ardent passion. But such passion, even when satisfied, is not happy. Every queen is a slave. Each moment, the whole life of these queens is engrossed by art. If they are mothers, they can scarcely find leisure to look after their children; if they are wives, they are intuitively acquainted with the sentiments which they pourtray and which entrance us, but they have not time to feel them. It is not with them that a lover can give himself up, of an evening, to long sweet chit-chat, by the domestic hearth, when everything is hushed in repose and when the fire glows a ruddy glow; when a couple feel so happy alone; when thought unbosoms itself without effort, and when amenity flows from the lips as from a spring full of freshness and purity! Similarly, the lover of one of these fair stars can scarcely reckon on enjoying the chaste pleasure of a poetic and silent walk, on the hill covered with sombre forests, when Nature lies as though stupefied with sleep, and when the speakers surprise themselves talking in a whisper. The poet gives only a part of himself to the public. The Cantatrice gives them everything: her time, her soul, her beauty! He she loves is Romeo, when she plays Juliet; Edgar, when she plays Lucia; Faust, when she plays Gretchen; and Otello, when she plays Desdemona. Even in the tenderest outpourings of the soul, if, once or twice in her life, by some extraordinary exceptional chance, she finds the leisure necessary for indulging in them, she is anxious and pre-occupied. Her soul is not given up to them. Her soul belongs to art, infinite in its forms, and varied in its means; to art, that pitiless Sphinx, who devours all whom her enigmas confuse and render incapable of guessing the answers. Thus, when she is playing, the *Div*a does not belong to herself, and, in her very rare moments of rest, she vegetates, but no longer lives. She experiences the profound ennui, the sombre nostalgia which seizes one, in the absence of

* From the *Guide Musical*.

any passion, when one has the misfortune to possess an ardent disposition. What she then beholds, in her imagination during the day, and in her dreams at night, is the rough flooring of the stage, the gloomy corridors, and the uninteresting pipes whence issue a row of flaming jets. The odours she breathes are not those of the balmy grass, rising upwards beneath the pale light of the stars, but the mephitic smell of gas. The sound, also, to which she listens with pensive brow, is not the song which murmurs at the bottom of every soul, but the tumultuous uproar of frantic clapping of hands. For her there is no reverie, no voluptuous idleness. Every time she is about to sink down exhausted, an inward voice cries: "Up, soldier!" She must march—I beg pardon—she must sing, even unto death, spite of grief and lassitude; she must smother her hate, and she must restrain her tears. Oh! how that smile, that eternal smile, which is so becoming, must torture her! The truth is that the slightest imperfection might cost her dear. We who gain admission by payment into the theatre, do not understand being deprived of our pleasures. But if any sorrow, annoyance, or the slightest of those accidents which occur so naturally in everyone's existence, should happen to paralyze the powers of the Cantatrice, the public are directly ill-natured. "What is the matter with her this evening?" A whole theatre is thus agitated. Meanwhile, at the back of a box there is a man who sees this, and feels his soul devoured by the torments of hell. What a subject for a romance, of a romance full of rage, hatred, ecstasy, and frightful jealousy, could be written on: *the Lover of the Cantatrice*. If Heaven spares my life, I mean to attempt it.

ERNEST FEYDEAU.

THE TELEGRAPH ON CANON BARRY.

The topic of the day here is Canon Barry's sermon, which everybody insists upon regarding as an exposition of the purpose intended by the dignitaries of the three Cathedrals. It is true that the reverend preacher repudiated any idea of touching upon the points at issue between the defenders and assailers of the Festival in its present form; but the fact that he did this, and then went on to attack the institution in a manner scarcely to be called oblique, has intensified the general annoyance. Dr Barry said, at the outset of his discourse:—

"There are some aspects of controversy gathering round this ancient Festival, which in due time and place must be faced. On these it would ill become me—a stranger in this Cathedral, preaching only by express request of those in whom is vested the responsibility of its celebration here—to touch."

The rev. gentleman's ideas with regard to the matter at issue being known, his just quoted words were not only in the best possible taste, but indicated the only course open to an opponent who had accepted a commission from those with whom he differs. Recognizing this, the congregation were prepared for a scriptural exposition, combined with a charitable appeal, and for nothing more. Their minds, however, were disabused in the preacher's next sentence:—

"The institution of this service of to-night, superseding a gathering of secular gaiety, and closing the Festival with the same worship with which it began, seems to invite the preacher to deal with that which undoubtedly was the original purpose of these Festivals, and by their accordance or discordance with which they must ultimately be judged."

To the astonishment of all who had heard his previously uttered words, Dr Barry thus rushed into the very discussion he professed to avoid, justifying the expectations which had been entertained in quarters well informed as to the present condition of affairs, and offering, instead of a sermon, a clerical manifesto. The preacher seemed to rely upon two main objections to the Festivals, the first of which was thus expressed:—

"But the fact is, and it should be carefully considered when the true nature and object of our Festivals are scrutinized, that the charitable contributions were but an afterthought—an appropriate and beneficent afterthought—but an afterthought still. The meetings of the choirs were organized simply for the purpose of celebrating and stimulating the choral music, and this purpose was distinctly subordinated to the still higher idea of increasing the grandeur and solemnity of the worship of God in our Cathedrals."

The preacher's second point was indicated when he said, still referring to the original plan, "No music was heard in the Cathedral but the music of the Church service." It is clear that those with whom Dr Barry acts would put down what they call "performances," and substitute as elaborate and imposing

a form of musical worship as their means allow. The arguments on which this idea rests are too familiar for repetition, involving, as they do, the often-discussed question of desecration; but I must point out the fallacy which underlies them all—a fallacy unconsciously exposed by the preacher himself. Compromises are dangerous things, yet it is clear the opponents of the Festivals as now conducted are aware that their object cannot be gained without one. They see plainly enough that the ordinary Church service, however imposing, would, from a Festival point of view, be an utter failure; and Dr Barry, acting as their mouthpiece, indicated the concessions they are prepared to make. After an eloquent assertion of the power of such music as that performed during the week, the preacher said:—

"Suffer me to remind you that there is room, in acts of worship, as for the simple music in which all voices actively join, each making in its own, so also for the higher and subtler music under the guidance of which we hold ourselves half passively, and follow it in a quiet sympathy with attention rather than with the enthusiasm of the active union of voices. . . . Men talk of congregational music as if it alone should be heard in the Church. We accept the maxim but ask, is not that music also congregational to which all the congregation listen in hushed and solemn silence, led on by it, half unconsciously, through deep thought and intense emotion?"

Coupling these remarks with others in which Dr Barry spoke of the early oratorios as having been intended for Church use, it is obvious that the "Reformed Festival," treating in a very elastic sense the direction of the Prayer Book, "Here followeth the anthem," will retain great works of sacred art. What, then, becomes of the "original idea?" and is the music-stimulated worship so well described by Dr Barry only possible when associated with the form of Common Prayer?

"You have heard" (said the preacher), the lower type of descriptive poetry which tells the tale of creation, the marvellous beauty of the 'Hymn of Praise,' bright in its thanksgiving, yet with an undercurrent of sadness such as suits the nature and life of humanity, as it is in this world; the dramatic power which makes the struggle of good and evil, of Baal and the Lord Jehovah, live to you again in the grand story of Elijah; or which, in less vivid but more pathetic strains, shows you that struggle sinking into full rest before the throne of judgment; the supreme beauty of the immortal music, now dramatic in its vivid representations, now lyric in its profound expression of feeling, but raised in both aspects into the higher sphere of an almost direct act of adoration and worship, in which the very form of our Messiah is presented to the eyes of our imagination and the very words of Holy Scripture are coloured, so to speak, with a richness of meaning which to our duller eyesight they might themselves have failed to show. Who can estimate the power of such music through the imagination to engrave truth upon the mind, and to cause it to sink into the heart!"

Very true, but does Dr Barry mean to say that this power is dependent upon the conditions with which he would surround the Festival? Will he contend that the music of the past week, albeit the clergy did not preside and surplices were invisible, failed to engrave truth upon the mind, and sink it into the heart? Was not worship possible under the circumstances of its performance? Religious emotions and aspirations are limited to neither form, nor time, nor place; while it is impossible to attend these Festivals and not see that, in Dr Barry's words, "the congregation listen in hushed and solemn silence, led on, half unconsciously, through deep thought and intense emotion." If this be the case, the Festival performances are, in substance, as much an act of worship as those which their opponents would substitute; and that, consequently, the three dioceses are now disturbed on a mere question of form, interesting, perhaps, to the clergy, but of no vital importance whatever. Ably as Dr Barry preached, he has yet to show why the Festivals should approximate to their original plan, and to prove that the religious influences of sacred music, performed with reverence in a sacred building, are necessarily associated with certain forms of worship. This not having been there, the advocates of the Festivals in their present shape are up, and stirring to meet the danger.

FLORENCE.—M. Félicien David's *Lalla Rooke* has at length been produced at the Teatro Niccolini. Owing to a variety of causes, including the highly inefficient manner in which some of the leading parts were sustained, and to the wretched *mise-en-scène*, the work met with a very cool reception.

ROTTERDAM.—It has been decided that the bi-annual Festival of the National Vocal Association of the Netherlands shall be held here next summer, under the direction of the Amphion Choral Society. The Committee, of which the Burgomaster is honorary chairman, has already been formed. It is expected that some 1,100 singers will take part in the Festival.

WAGNERIANA.

It appears that, in addition to his own *Nibelungen Trilogy*, Herr R. Wagner intends having Beethoven's *Fidelio* and Mozart's *Don Giovanni* performed at his Bayreuth National-Festival-Stage-Play Theatre, for which, according to report, he has just engaged two new *prime donne*: Mesdres Friedrich-Materna and Rosenfeld. Here is a letter said to be written by the great Musician of the Future to the editor of a Spanish paper:—

"Sir, your country is at this moment a victim to civil war, that is, to devastation, despair, and anarchy; you have already expended sums which can no longer be reckoned by millions. You know me well enough by name, Sir, to be capable of refusing to grant the request I address to you. It is time that this civil war should come to an end. Do you not think there is only one thing by which that can be effected? That one thing is music, and, moreover, *my* music. Be kind enough, therefore, to direct the attention of your Government to the subject; prevail on them to abandon this unnecessary war and send me to Bayreuth a number of workmen, to help in completing my theatre. If you could get up a subscription which should cover the expenses of my undertaking you would be rendering an immense service to art, to *real* art."

It is almost incredible that this letter can be genuine, but Herr R. Wagner has written such strange ones at various times, that, in his case, incredulity ought not always to follow improbability. Besides, the sentence: "You know me well enough by name to be capable of refusing to grant the request I address to you," is perfectly unintelligible, and, therefore, rather in favour of the authenticity of the document. Time will prove whether or no the letter is a hoax. Meanwhile, let us hear the *Eco d'Italia*, a paper published in New York:—

"The journals insert a letter written, some few weeks since, by Richard Wagner. It is dated from Bayreuth, and addressed to the editor of a periodical review. This epistle—perhaps, apocryphal—is a strong protest on the part of the author of *Lohengrin* against the indifference and apathy of which he has been the object in Germany. Alluding, especially, to the construction of his Bayreuth Theatre, and to the new—and most magnificent—opera, *I Nibelungen*, he defines his project as: 'a national idea,' and adds, disappointedly: 'I have vainly endeavoured to find in Germany 1,000 persons who would subscribe 300 dollars each. . . . it having been my intention to offer the performances at Bayreuth gratuitously to the public. . . . no class of society, nobles, capitalists, or men of science, have chosen to assist me. . . . the only persons who have remained faithful to me and my works are the operative classes; they alone form my strength. But, as the masses possess no pecuniary resources, I have been compelled to descend to a compromise:—we shall sell the places, reserving 500 for necessitous musical artists—though nearly all German musical artists have behaved so badly, and—to speak the whole truth,—so ridiculously towards me. Thanks to a credit I have succeeded in getting opened, my performances are assured for 1876, and, if the large circulation of your Review could be employed in the collection of funds in support of my enterprise, I should feel most obliged to you and the American public.'"

The above letter, like the first one quoted, may not be genuine, but there is a strong Wagnerian flavour about it. Meanwhile, the composer is busily employed in scoring his *Götterdämmerung*. He, also, devotes a very considerable portion of his time to engaging his future company. A Frankfort paper states that he has asked the artists to attend all the rehearsals and performances gratuitously, Madlle Oppenheimer, Herren Niemann and Betz have consented unconditionally, but Herr Scaria has consented only partially. The three last-named artists have lucrative engagements at the Court Theatres of Berlin and Vienna. They can afford to be liberal if they choose. Not so, however, those engaged by private managers, who are strongly disinclined to make any sacrifices for Herr Wagner and his works. Mad. Cosima Wagner has consequently been under the necessity of penning several letters, brimming over with indignation, and addressed "to the egotistical race of actors, who are destitute of anything like idealistic enthusiasm." But not only does the question of interest play a prominent part in Herr R. Wagner's plans; the artists must possess exceptional qualities to fit them to take part in his National-Stage-Plays. One quality indispensably required in them is size. How can anyone of ordinary stature represent such giants as Herr R. Wagner's *dramatis personæ* are? This consideration is a cause of serious anxiety to the composer, who is always going about with a foot-rule in quest of giants, like Frederick the Great, of Prussia, when recruiting for his guards. The matter has been taken up by the good Bayreuthers, who, whenever they see anyone of more than ordinary height pass

along the street, exclaim: "Ah! there is a Nibelung! Cannot we secure him?"

The scores and separate parts of the *Trilogy* fill several chests. The horses from the Royal stables at Munich are expected every day. They will be subjected to a careful course of training to fit them for the Walkyres and Brunhilda. The latter, as our readers may remember, has to jump, steer and all, into a burning funeral pile.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

So many operas of which I have already written about have been repeated at our theatre, that I have not thought it worth while to trouble you with any correspondence lately. Let me, however, return to my post to-day (for it *might* have been taken by another) and report progress since last I wrote.

Of course, *La Fille de Mme Angot* still draws crowded houses to the Salle Monsigny. *Les Huguenots* also drew a crowded house, and was well played on 3rd September, Mme Raisin, as Valentine, and M. Tournié, as Raoul, eliciting hearty and well deserved applause. *Faust*, *La Reine de Chypre*, *Guillaume Tell*, and *La Muette de Portici* have made up our *répertoire*. I must not, however, forget to mention the performance of Paër's charming opera comique, *La Maitre de Chapelle* (in which M. Larcher took the title rôle, and was ably supported by Mme Rita Lelong), nor the performance of several Palais Royale vaudevilles, in which M. Louis took part, ably seconded by M. Letemple, which greatly amused the audience.

The season seems nearly over here. People keep leaving our "ville de plaisance" by every boat for England, and every train for Paris and other inland towns. Still we try to "keep up" as much as we can to amuse those visitors who remain, and to attract those who take their holiday in the autumn. Last Sunday we had a visit from the band of the 3rd Engineers, stationed at Arras. They paraded the streets headed by our band (the Société Musicale), and gave a concert in the afternoon. We "did" a ball for them in the evening. Next day they gave another concert, after which they marched to the railway station by torchlight, sundry pharmaceutical chemists and other enthusiasts letting off, or rather letting on, green, blue, and red lights from their bed-rooms windows, the effect of which was charming. One man, who bore a torch, had his hand burnt, but though painful next day, bore the torture bravely. He was a soldier.

Last evening a concert took place at the Etablissement des Bains—which was worth while coming a long way to see, or rather to hear—by Miss Alice Sydney Burvet, a young Australian pianist, who had already delighted her hearers in Boulogne. Miss Burvet played four pieces, and met with applause and a recall after each. The pieces she selected were "Souvenir de Grande Bretagne," Schullhoff; "Quatuor de Rigoletto," arranged by Prudent; Grand Galop Chromatique, Liezt—very chromatic indeed, and, without doubt, capital exercise on a frosty morning; and a Fantasia Espagnole, by Ravina. Miss Burvet's execution is very good; her expression, however, might be improved. She has a nice touch, but possesses one or two bad habits which, if not soon corrected, will be by no means beneficial to her in the future if she wishes to obtain the reputation of being a thoroughly accomplished pianist—which I trust she will become—when she makes her *début* in London, Paris, or any other large musical city where critics are not scarce. Mdle Boulanger, of whom I have already written as a very talented young violinist, contributed, with her usual ability and skill, a fantasia on airs from *Guillaume Tell*. Mdle Bier, who is engaged for the coming season at the Grand Opera in Paris, sang two short romances with good taste, and exhibited a fine, flexible soprano voice of good quality. The greatest treat we had, however, last evening was the singing of M. Bosquin, *premier tenor du Grand Opera de Paris*. His recitative and air, "Salut demeure chaste et pure" (*Faust*), met with its proper reward—viz., a hearty recall. "M'appari tutt' amor" (*Martha*) received the same compliment, while a romance, which brought out his rich, high notes, was re-demanded and repeated. M. Brunet (fils) acted as *accompagnateur* with his usual good taste.

S. C.

September 23.

UNVEILING OF BALFE'S STATUE.

This ceremonial, so interesting to musicians, and especially to British musicians, was performed on Friday, the 25th inst., by permission of Mr F. Chatterton, in the vestibule of Drury Lane Theatre. A more appropriate position for the statue of our popular dramatic composer could not have been thought of. From 1835, when his first English opera, *The Siege of Rochelle*, was produced, followed in the succeeding year by *The Maid of Artois*, in which the famous Malibran took the leading part, and culminating with the *Bohemian Girl*, Balfé's earliest successes were earned in the same theatre. What he did afterwards, not forgetting one of his very best works, the *Maid of Honor* (on the same subject as Flotow's *Martha*), when M. Jullien directed with so much spirit and enterprise the fortunes of "Old Drury" and Mr Sims Reeves was the hero of the opera; what he did, still later, at the Lyceum, and afterwards at Covent Garden, under the direction of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr W. Harrison, with Mr Alfred Mellon as conductor, is vividly remembered by all the admirers (how many they are we need hardly say) of his music. Balfé's last really fine work was *The Puritan's Daughter*, the libretto written by Mr J. V. Bridgeman. He followed this up by others, not, however, so universally well received; but his final effort, *The Knight of the Leopard*, an Italian version of which, made out of Mr Arthur Matthison's ingenious libretto, was brought out by Mr Mapleson, with Madame Christine Nilsson as Edith Plantagenet, again showed Balfé at his very best, and again restored the influence of his always welcome name. How often *Il Talismano* was given at Her Majesty's Opera, and with what genuine success, has been recorded. Into this, however, as into the general history of Balfé's career, it is unnecessary to enter. The incidents are too well known. In his preliminary address, Mr C. L. Gruneisen, the mouthpiece of the Balfé Testimonial Committee, discussed them at great length, introducing a mass of details of more or less interest, and following his hero through all the changes and vicissitudes of his artistic life. Mr Gruneisen performed his task conscientiously and well, hardly a single instance which might bring the character and genius of the man to whose memory he was paying a well-deserved tribute being left untouched.

The speaker not merely referred to Balfé's triumphs in England, but to his triumphs in Italy, France, and Germany. At Paris he wrote three works—*Le Puits d'Amour*, *Les Quatre Fils Aymon*, and *L'Etoile de Seville*—the first two for the Opéra Comique, the third for the Grand Opéra. Those at the Opéra Comique were especially fortunate, so much so, that English versions of both were subsequently brought out in London; while an Italian version of *Les Quatre Fils Aymon* was given at Her Majesty's Theatre, under the never-to-be-forgotten directorate of Mr Lumley. After an appropriate peroration, Mr Gruneisen referred to Sir Michael Costa, an old and intimate friend of Balfé's, a brother musician, and one occupying so deservedly high a position in this country, as the proper person to unveil the statue. Few would be inclined to dissent from the fluent orator on this point; and when Sir Michael withdrew the drapery that enveloped the effigy of our lamented musician, applause of the heartiest kind broke forth from every side, and was again and again repeated—Sir Michael holding in his hand a splendid bouquet with which Madame Balfé, the composer's widow, had requested Mr Gruneisen to present him. A compatriot of Balfé's, Mr George Osborne, himself a distinguished musician, then spoke a few words very much to the purpose, coupling the names of Michael Balfé and Vincent Wallace, of both of whom Mr Osborne, as an Irishman, said his countrymen felt justly proud. To this we can only add that Englishmen, and Scotchmen, and Welshmen feel just as proud as can possibly do Irishmen.

About the statue itself, the work of a young Belgian sculptor, M. A. Malempré, we can only say that the likeness is certainly striking; though the majestic pose hardly makes the desired impression on those who knew Balfé well and saw him frequently. Balfé was never a "poser," and under no circumstances can we imagine him assuming so imperial an attitude. Otherwise, as simply a work of art, the statue seems to have made a generally favourable impression. Resting upon a pedestal nearly 6 feet high, it presents the Irish musician as a man of unusual stature—a semi-giant in short; whereas all who knew Balfé must remember he was rather under than over the middle size. But this is a mere question of taste. That Balfé's statue should stand where it now stands is unanimously admitted; and whether or not the much-talked-of monumental tablet is destined to find its appropriate corner in Westminster Abbey, our popular composer is at least represented worthily in the vestibule of the scene of his many and well-earned successes.

Messrs D. Boucicault, T. Chappell, Sims Reeves, Gruneisen, Kukuli, Coleman, Dr Wyldé, and Sir Julius Benedict formed the committee, but several were unavoidably absent.

Mr E. Chatterton, who so kindly placed his theatre at the disposal of the Committee of the Balfé Testimonial, not satisfied with this, had provided a handsome cold collation for all who chose to partake of it. Among those present were Lord A. Paget, Sir M. Costa, Baron Rothschild, Sir G. Armytage, the Rev H. Moore, the Rev F. Roberts, Messrs Manns, G. A. Macfarren, Fladgate, C. Lyall, Dr Canton, T. Chappell, G. A. Osborne, Brinley Richards, Ganz, H. Phillips, Lazarus, J. Fernandez, Doland, Oliphant, Joseph Bennett, Cormack, G. Honey, Graves, E. Murray, G. Murray, G. A. Sala, A. Halliday, T. Stanislaus, E. Falconer, S. Emery, E. Stirling, R. Churchill, Creswick, J. B. Howard, H. Sinclair, Hollingshead, Charles Lamb Kenney, F. Evans, Horace Chatterton, Ledger, E. T. Blanchard, C. A. Jecks, J. Stride, T. G. Clark, Santley, Puzzi, F. Romer, Hatchins, Murphy, J. Batsford, J. Maycock, Marius, D. H. Hastings, W. Duncan Davison, J. W. Davison, Wellington Guernsey, H. Hersee, Behrends, and F. B. Chatterton; Mesdames Hudspeth, Puzzi, G. Ward, Jullien, and the Misses Behrends.

AN EARTHQUAKE.

Hark to the distant, rumbling, stifled roar
Of the approaching direful cry of heaven;
Now bellowing o'er the surface dark of clouds
In awful cadence to the heaving earth!
A frightful scene; and Ceres, in despair,
Gives way to Pluto's rage—her trees, her plants,
Her fields, he, crashing, doth destroy.
Hark! heaven and earth in fearful union
Against poor helpless man do rage and roar.
Fire from the skies, fire from the ground,
Thunders from heaven, thunders from earth,
Making another hell of this fair world.

H. J. B. (AGED 11).

BALFÉ'S *IL TALISMANO* IN DUBLIN.

(From the "Daily Express," Sept. 29.)

Il Talismano, the new opera by Michael Balfé, which proved the turning point in the tide of public indifference last week, when the Theatre Royal was thronged to excess, was repeated last night, and was equally attractive. There was, however, considerable disappointment felt and expressed at the excision of the "Salve Regina" in the Chapel scene, and the consequent striking out of the beautiful tenor arietta "Candido fiore," to leave out this being almost equivalent to omitting the part of Hamlet from the tragedy of that name, for the "Rose Song" is, as it were, the "warp" of the whole opera, a thread of gold turning up constantly, in allusion to Edith Plantagenet dropping the rose in question, which her lover, Sir Kenneth, seizes, presses to his heart, and makes it the subject of his thoughts, waking and sleeping, until his pardon by his Sovereign, and his union with his bride, has been effected. The alteration just alluded to was understood to have been made in deference to some scruples entertained by Cardinal Cullen as to the propriety of introducing nuns upon the stage; but *Il Talismano* is by no means peculiar in this respect. *La Favorita*, *Faust*, and, in truth, nearly every example of what is termed "Grand Opera" of the modern school, furnish examples of processions of ecclesiastical persons of both sexes. It would seem, therefore, rather late in the day to object in Ireland to what is customary all over Europe. We understand, however, that some slight modification will be introduced when *Il Talismano* is repeated, which will obviate every objection.

The performance of last night was elsewhere marked by similar approval to that which marked the first hearing of this opera. The same enthusiasm greeted the beautiful martial duet in C major, "Or va, la mia preghiera," which produced many bouquets, for Mdle Tietjens, and salvos of applause for herself and Signor Campanini. For the first time the song "La Povera Evelina" was re-demanded, a matter of more interest from its having been an especial favourite with the composer. The beautiful song in B major, "A te coll' aure," was again charmingly interpreted by Signor Campanini, and the gay polacca in F, with chorus of female voices, "La guerra appena," was, in the hands of Madame Roze Perkins (a Rose, which under any other name would smell as sweet), as effective as usual.

DEATHS.

On September 23, at 15, Addison Crescent, MARY ELIZABETH JAY, widow of John Jay, Mus. Doc. Cantab, of Chelsea, in the 88th year of her age. R.I.P.

On September 15, at London, HERR WILHELM ALEXANDER KNAPPÉ, Professor of Music, aged 51 years.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery. With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD Subscribers will receive four pages extra, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expediency may suggest.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1874.

THE Wagner Society has been exerting itself vigorously in the cause for which its concerts were professedly instituted. One of the last was among the most interesting and entertaining, inasmuch as it brought forward a more copious selection than usual from *Lohengrin*, next to *Tannhäuser* the most popular of Wagner's operas in Germany. The writer of an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* seems to have forgotten that an Italian version of the *Fliegende Holländer*, under the title of *L'Olandese Dannato*, was brought out in 1870, under the spirited direction of Mr George Wood, at Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane Theatre, with Signor Arditì as conductor. That it should not have been revived is an affair between Mr Mapleson and his new conductor, Sir Michael Costa. It was admirably performed (with Mlle Ilma di Murska and Mr Santley in the chief characters), cordially received, and the initiative unanimously encouraged by the press. It did not prove a financial success, but that may be attributed to the fact of its being announced so late in the season as to preclude the likelihood of more than two or three representations at the most. Nevertheless, by this experiment, Mr Wood paved the way for further experiments of the kind, and the musical public of London might by this time have been enabled to form an estimate, if not of the "whole Wagner," at least of a good part of him. As for going beyond *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, those who have taken pains to look carefully into *Tristan und Isolde*, the *Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, and the *Nibelungen Ring*, or so much of it as is already published, know perfectly well that to our Italian operahouses, constituted as they are, the idea of these later works ever being heard under such limited conditions is preposterous. The reasons are clear to every one who knows of what the resources of these establishments really consist, and upon what they have to depend for a successful—in other terms, a "paying"—season. If it is absolutely necessary to build a house for the adequate representation of the *Nibelungen* Trilogy in Germany (which appears to be the case), what chance can there be of its ever being produced by Mr Gye or Mr Mapleson? If a whole season is to be consumed in rehearsals, what is to become of our much-loved *Sonnambula*, *Barbiere*, *Lucrezia*, *Lucia*, *Trovatore*, *Traviata*, *I Puritani*—even *Don Giovanni*, *Fidelio*, *Guillaume Tell*—and so forth? True, it is quite within legitimate bounds of reason for partisans of the opera to expect *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, so often promised and so persistently cast aside, for which the musical public has been afflicted with a hunger that never seems destined to be appeased; but woe to

all who fondly imagine that either of these would not require thrice the number of rehearsals ever vouchsafed in this country to the operas of Meyerbeer. Meanwhile, not to pursue the subject more closely, Mr Edward Dannreuther, conductor of the Wagner Society, a pianist of the highest class and a thoroughly practised musician, has done good service, after his manner, in making the public gradually acquainted with all of Wagner that can be wrested from its dramatic context and presented with effect in a concert-room. Unfortunately there is not too much of this; and in the later operas very little indeed. Some of the pieces from *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* have become so familiar, that, while not disinclined to hear, we have nothing else to learn; while the difficulty of finding suitable excerpts from operas like *Tristan*, *Rheingold*, &c., is admitted. If it were otherwise, indeed, Herr Wagner's perfected system would fall to pieces. He would be like Mozart, Beethoven, or any other ordinary composer, from whose works you may extract separate pieces with impunity. A musician (a Wagnerite) once said to Rossini that *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni* were not dramatic operas, but an assemblage of concert pieces—to which replied the gifted Italian—"Then I prefer concerts." The mere fact that Mr Dannreuther was compelled to include such pieces as the *Carnaval Romain*, from the *Benvenuto Cellini* of Berlioz, the overture to Gluck's *Iphigenie en Aulide*, an air from one of Bach's cantatas, the *Goethe Fest Marsch* of Liszt, &c., &c., in his programmes, shows the difficulty under which he has laboured, and with all impartial critics should form an acceptable excuse.

IN all countries and at all times, the ordinary run of mortals have displayed a great reverence for, and manifested no small amount of curiosity about, those favoured beings whom rank, wealth, or genius, has placed above their fellows. As there is no rose without a thorn, there is, we are aware, no rule without an exception. The Independents of the sixteenth century looked with an evil eye on Bishops, and the Communists of the present day are not well-affected towards Emperors. Notwithstanding this, Kings and Queens still possess a great charm in the eyes of the multitude, and, despite the workings of Envy, aided by her sister, Calumny, distinguished warriors, statesmen, capitalists, poets, and artists, have invariably been objects of interest, and mostly of admiration, for the great mass of mankind. Their slightest actions, viewed through the halo of their fame, assume an importance for which we should be puzzled to find a parallel, had we not luckily seen the eye of a fly through the medium of an exceptionally powerful microscope at the Polytechnic; their sayings are as well received as the jokes of a judge in a Court of Justice, and we know the effect such jokes always produce, even when not over brilliant; and their signature is as highly prized by the possessors of albums and the collectors of curiosities as the autograph of a young spendthrift with large expectations is valued by gentlemen following the lucrative but unhonoured profession of money-lenders.

Among the individuals who thus command public attention, few perhaps stand more prominently forward than the stars of the dramatic and lyric sky. The name is legion of those who want to know all about a great actor at home, and are anxious to learn everything concerning a popular *prima donna*, when she has exchanged Medea's classic robes, or Amina's charming Swiss costume, for the dress of modern every day life. The demand creates the supply. There has been no lack of biographies, memoirs, reminiscences, and goodness knows what besides, of the heroes and heroines of the stage. To-day we add to the list by printing, in another column, a

sketch, extracted from a foreign contemporary, of the Cantatrice. We own to having been greatly struck by this sketch. There are details in it calculated to fire the blood and excite the ambition of every fair creature possessed of anything approaching a tolerable voice, while there are others which may well damp her ardour and absolutely freeze her marrow. The impression on our mind after we had finished perusing it was, that, if we possessed a spark of feeling in us, or the slightest claim to the proud name of man, we ought to find out at once the author of a pamphlet, with which we had once met, entitled: *The Choice of a Profession*, and bid him never advise any of his fair readers to embrace the profession of a Cantatrice.

The bright side of a Cantatrice's career is bright enough it seems; far brighter, indeed, than we imagined. We knew that a popular lyric artist, such as Jenny Lind or Grisi, Sontag or Sophie Cruvelli, attracted immense crowds, gave her name to neckties, bonnets, and walking-sticks, and turned the heads of some few weak-minded and sentimental youths, but we never suspected the height of glory and influence to which they really attained, the "poodle-like" attachments they inspired, or the injustice with which admiration for them caused their contemporaries to treat men of genius, who spend their lives in study, "soaring into the highest spheres of intelligence, and, as its result, raising the moral level of humanity." But what shall we say of the other side of the medal? If ever there was in this world an over-worked, persecuted, unfortunate creature, it is, according to the writer of the sketch we have reprinted, the wretched Cantatrice. The doom of the galley-slave is pleasant compared to hers. What ceaseless labour! What unappreciated efforts! And then, what self-sacrifice! For her, we are told, there are no long, gentle little conversations of an evening by the fireside; no poetic and silent walks on the forest-clothed woodtop; in fact, for her a lover is a superfluity, if not an encumbrance, since, belonging solely to art, she actually has not the time to experience those passions which she pours so wonderfully behind the float! If, however, despite all this, she should happen to marry and become a mother, the leisure she can devote to her little ones in the nursery is most painfully limited. Poor Cantatrice!

But the most extraordinary thing in the whole sketch is the glimpse it affords into the internal economy of a theatre, and the state of morals in the theatrical profession. One "leading lady" curdles our blood by stating that the spy system as patronised formerly in the State of Venice was nothing compared to that carried on around herself, while another cautions

"Each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine,"

by a statement that she can never go upon the stage of a night without fearing that she shall meet her death by falling through some trap intentionally left open—in other words, without fearing that she shall be murdered in cold blood. A third fair artist, a *dansuse*, complains that the floor of her dressing-room has been strewn with fragments of glass for the purpose of laming her, as though she had been the favourite for the Derby on the evening before the race. We trust it is no English theatre in which such iniquities are practised. If, unfortunately, it is, we advise that the authorities at Scotland Yard be communicated with at once.

There is one thing which somewhat diminishes the intense horror inspired by the sketch; this is: that the author may have slightly over-coloured, not to say: exaggerated, matters. It is not only in the Landes of France that people cannot get along without stilts, nor did skill in the

use of the long bow die out with bold Robin Hood and his Merry Men. We are quite willing to take for granted that the author presents us with what he believes a faithful picture, but we frankly confess it strikes us as being somewhat distorted, like the portraits we have all seen produced through the instrumentality of a spoon. N. V. N.

CONCERT.

AN evening concert took place at the Bow Institute on Monday, at which no less an attraction was set forth than the familiar names of Mdle Liebhart, Miss Helen D'Alton, Mr Benjamin Wells, Signor Caravoglia, and Mr Vernon Rigby. That numbers of pleasure-seeking East-enders should respond to so eloquent a summons as such a list of names is not surprising. The Institute was crowded, many standing patiently through the whole performance. The well-known *prima donna*, who was lost to us for a time through her lengthened tour in America, sang three songs—Mr G. B. Allen's "Little bird so sweetly singing," Mr Levey's new ballad, "The child's letter to heaven," and a song, oddly entitled "If," by Lady Baker. In all Mdle Liebhart was heard to the greatest advantage, her flexible voice seeming, if possible, clearer and more powerful than ever, and her purely artistic vocalization uniting with its peculiar resonant quality to satisfy the ear and leave nothing to desire. In the quartet from *Fidelio*, "Il cor e la mia fe," she was joined by Miss D'Alton, Mr Rigby, and Signor Caravoglia. Miss Helen D'Alton contributed "Mizpah," by Signor O. Barri; "If you only knew," by Madame Sainton Dolby; "What will you do, love?" by Samuel Lover; and joined Signor Caravoglia in the duet, "Ah! l'eto ardor," from *La Favorita*. Signor Caravoglia, after singing Weiss's "Village Blacksmith," not exactly as its lamented composer was wont to do, greatly amused the audience with his rapidity of utterance in that favourite *aria* of Italian basses, "Largo al factotum." Mr Vernon Rigby, whose dulcet tones are always welcome to every description of audience, rendered, with exquisite taste and tender expression, Blumenthal's "Message," and Louis Diehl's "Lover's song," stated to be composed expressly for him. For a sentimental ballad, this is one of the most dreamily poetical we have heard, words and music being saved by their simplicity from that excess of sweetness which oftentimes disgusts the listener in ordinary love-music, and the beauty of an original and haunting melody being enhanced by its musicianly treatment. Mr Vernon Rigby has "launched" a very charming song, and one admirably calculated to display his powers. Later on, he gave Wallace's "Yes, let me like a soldier fall." The instrumental performances were two flute solos by Mr Benjamin Wells, and Ascher's "Chant des Naiades," played on the pianoforte by a young lady, Miss Weybret Waller, whose nervousness evidently prevented her from doing justice to her capabilities. Mr Alfred Carder joined Mr Benjamin Wells in a duet for flute and piano, by Bucher and Benedict, and accompanied during the evening with delicacy and discrimination. —G. M.

THE BALFE STATUE.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

In this time-honour'd House, whose echoes ring
With glories of the grand dramatic Past,
Whose histrionic pages teem with noble names,
Whose every stone could tell some lofty tale—
In this fair Temple, consecrate to Art,
We place thee, Balfé! in high companionship:
Kean, Garrick, e'en the Bard of Avon's self,
Shall bid thee welcome to the vacant niche,
And say, with us, "Fame's pedestal is thine!"
Right well the "joyous science" Shakespeare lov'd,
Right truly was thy harp attun'd, O Balfé!
In pleasant cadence, golden numbers fell,
And as thy blithe quick fingers swept the lyre,
Evoking tuneful, fresh, and happy strains:
Thy muse, melodious, gladden'd all who heard!
Here first rang out thy primal carolling;
Here, too, but yesterday, thy last song charm'd our ears;
Here, then, 'mid great ones, we thine image set
O Thou who Music lov'd as she lov'd Thee!
A loving hand upon that marble form is laid,
From that bright face the enshrouding veil is rais'd;
A Master to a Master homage pays,
And Michael Costa honours Michael Balfé!

ARTHUR MATTHISOX.

THE MOUNTAIN SUPPORTER.

(From "Another World.")

"Let all hearts unite in gratitude to Him who sent His angels to aid us in this work.

"He inspired the directing mind, and gave strength to those that executed. He created the fire that married the two substances into one indestructible compound mass.

"Behold, and wonder!"

HEAVY MATERIALS LIGHTENED BY ELECTRICITY.

(Continued from page 637.)

Notwithstanding all our knowledge of electric and mechanical powers, our thousands of artificers employed, and all the industry and energy exerted in obedience to my will, nine of our years*—more than thirty of yours—were spent in the completion of this stupendous work. The tower of itself is an object of great grandeur and beauty, and is richly ornamented. The external walls of the plinth at the base of the tower are overlaid with gold and ravine† metal, inlaid with large transparent stones of varied colours. The ravine metal—a metal prized beyond gold—possesses beautiful veins of colour, which change with the temperature—veins of watery green, of purple, blue, and steel. When refined, it is most beautiful. The colours are sometimes so bright, that it is dazzling to look at them. On the tower are scrolls and images of peculiar meaning, and of large characters in gold and ravine metal, ornamented with transparent stones. The sun's rays playing on these stones, and particularly on a large yellow stone, like an amethyst, illuminates the column with what may be called a supernatural light. Alternating with the scrolls are designs representing episodes in my life and reign. These designs are in pure white marble in relief, and, with the light of our world, stand out prominently from the iron-marble, sufficiently large to be plainly seen at great distances from nearly all parts of the city. The proposal for thus recording the events of my reign came from the kings and people, who loved me greatly.

As before observed, a person can be raised from the base to the top of the column, and through a shaft into the Upper city. The movement is rapid, and takes less than half an hour either way, whilst the journey by our external roads, by reason of the circuits to be taken, and the ascents and descents would, even to descend, occupy two days on a fleet horse. The passage, through the Tower, however, is seldom used, either for ascent or descent, except in cases of great emergency, because the great difference of the atmosphere above and below materially affects the health of the passenger. The machinery, too, in the descent requires much care and calculation, for the weight of the descending body would otherwise increase to such an extent that accidents would occur.

The difference of the atmosphere and the effect on the human frame between the Upper and Lower cities is remarkable; those accustomed to live in the Lower city have a disposition to spring from their feet when first arriving in the Upper city. I recollect a lady—rather weakly—who seemed mad, but was rational enough; only she could not for some time resist the impulse of springing upwards. This mode of communication would perhaps have been more resorted to had we not possessed the telegraph. The electric telegraph is, in its rapidity, not unlike that used in your world, but is different in construction and mode of working. What is written at one station is reproduced in its exact size and form at another. Even a portrait designed at one end of the telegraph with the electric acid would be instantaneously reproduced at the other end, perhaps many hundred miles distant. This singular phenomenon was accidentally discovered. Some acid having been spilled on the plates of metal covering the electric table, one of the clerks amused himself by drawing a figure, with his finger, on the moistened metal. The exact figure was reproduced at a station a long distance off.

Dermes (Communicator).

* Our year is not calculated like yours; it is marked by a peculiar appearance which the sun assumes at equidistant epochs.

† So named from being found in the greatest ravine, the largest ravine in Monte-Huyah.

(To be continued.)

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

LORD HAMPTON has just issued an answer to Canon Barry's published sermon and appendix with reference to the Three Choirs Festivals. He alludes to Earl Dudley's offer of £10,000 to the Worcester Cathedral Restoration Fund on condition that the Festivals should be changed in a manner suggested by Dr Barry and a few other gentlemen, and says that, public opinion being emphatically opposed to the plan, the offer had to be withdrawn. Subsequently Lord Dudley stated that he would subscribe £5,000 without any condition, provided Lord Hampton himself would undertake to raise the rest. He immediately consented, and his address on the subject called forth a subscription, not of £5,000, but of £11,000. He said, without fear of contradiction, that had it not been for the desire to save the Festivals, a large portion of that money would not have been subscribed, and he would not have made the effort he did if he had thought that the Chapter, having received the money and completed the Cathedral, would turn round and say, "The question was left to be settled on its own merits, and we will now either refuse the use of the Cathedral, or insist on mutilating the Festivals." For himself, he would do everything in his power to maintain the Festivals on their present footing, and he contended that the Worcester Chapter were still bound by "an implied condition which cannot fairly be disregarded." He could not too strongly express his regret that friendship and good neighbourhood should be endangered by this unnecessary and, as he thought, unwise attempt to destroy, or at least grievously impair, those glorious combinations of charity and devotion and sacred music, which had been regarded for generations with approbation and delight by an immense majority of the population in the district, and excited admiration in every part of England. The charity appeared to occupy a very subordinate place in Dr Barry's ideas of reform, and the poor widows and orphans must take their chance. Surely the public voice would be raised, and would not permit an ancient and valued institution thus to be trifled with. Surely that voice would join in the opinion he was obliged to express, that Dr Barry's plan was as impracticable as any that was ever submitted to public consideration. He hoped the Chapter might, on reflection, feel that, after accepting the £10,000, they were not quite so free as Dr Barry supposed. If not, he should be ready to bear his share in future contests, and he trusted he should not be without good and trusty recruits in a cause which he believed to be so good.

M. OFFENBACH has not made a bad beginning as a manager. From the 1st September, 1873, to the 31st August, 1874, the money taken at his theatre, the Gaité, amounted to 2,000,511 francs! *Orphée aux Enfers* alone drew 1,185,971!

THOSE of our readers who are acquainted with "Gostling's Walks in and about the City of Canterbury," published in the last century, will be glad to learn that Mr Robert Cowtan, author of "Memories of the British Museum," has in the press a work in continuation of the above, entitled "Canterbury from 1774 to 1874." The work is dedicated to the Archbishop of the diocese, and will be illustrated.

CONCERTS are threatening already to crowd upon us, and, indeed, become so plentiful that a brief report of some of those most deserving public attention is all that our space can possibly accommodate. We have concerts now of almost every description, from those exclusively devoted to music of a serious turn—"classical" music, as the case may be, serious music at all events—to those which base their attraction on appealing to the taste of amateurs, for whom such music is, and must ever be, a sealed book.

MR JOHN BOOSEY'S London Ballad Concerts, excellent of their kind, owe the hold they have obtained on the public to the consistent manner in which they have adhered to the plan upon which they were originally instituted. Mr Boosey calculated from the beginning that an audience might be found for English ballads old and new; and his calculation has proved to be correct. In his various programmes he has revived some of the raciest ballads of the olden time, and has afforded to not a few living composers opportunities of showing that the art of ballad writing

still exists in the country which may be said to have originated ballads, as it originated glees. Thus the periodical recurrence of the Ballad Concerts is looked forward to with interest; and large audiences continuing, and likely to continue being attracted to St James's Hall. Moreover, the director is careful to secure the best vocal talent, whereby the attraction is rendered twofold.

PROVINCIAL.

TORQUAY.—We quote the following from the *Torquay Directory* of September 22nd:—"Mr Charles Fowler's important musical composition, a 'Sonata trio' for voice, piano, and violin, is about to be brought out in Germany. The copyright for Germany has been purchased by Messrs Wolff Brothers, of Creuzmach. This is Mr Fowler's second sonata for the voice, the first having been published some years since, and his performance of which, in connection with Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, two years ago, at the Hanover Square Rooms, created a sensation in London musical circles. These two sonatas are the only compositions of the kind that have ever been written, composers, seemingly, having overlooked the fact that the human voice, being the most beautiful of all musical instruments, deserves to be associated with the grandest form of musical composition. Mr Fowler is to be congratulated on the success which, we have no doubt, his sonata will obtain throughout Germany."

SOUTHAMPTON.—Mrs John Macfarren, under the auspices of the Polytechnic Institution, gave a concert of pianoforte and vocal music on Wednesday, September 23, in the Hartley Hall, which was crowded to excess in every part, while, on the platform, was a full attendance of the committee, the newly elected President, Mayor of the town, occupying the chair, supported, amongst others, by Sir Frederick Perkins, M.P. Mrs John Macfarren, during the last three or four years, has frequently appeared in Southampton, and her pretensions as a first-class pianist were fully recognized by the numerous assembly, who exhibited a keen appreciation of her masterly performance of several pieces by the great composers, and applauded with enthusiasm her brilliant execution of Brissac's fantasia, "Ould Ireland." The vocal music was entrusted to Madame Frances Brooke (soprano), and Mlle Hélène Arnim (contralto), who, by their delightful rendering of several well chosen songs and duets, formed an agreeable contrast to the whole, and thus contributed not a little to the success of one of the most brilliant evenings of the prosperous Polytechnic Institution.—*From an Occasional Correspondent.*

PENZANCE.—We learn from the *Royal Cornwall Gazette* that a very enjoyable concert took place lately in St John's Hall, Penzance, by the choral society and orchestral band. For the first time in Cornwall Mendelssohn's *First Walpurgis Night* was given, and given in a style which proved that Mr J. H. Nunn, A.R.A., the conductor of the concert and instructor of the society, had disciplined his forces into a thorough musicianlike performance of Mendelssohn's cantata. Mrs Nunn sang in her usual finished style. Mr Stephen White was in particularly good voice, and Mr Trounson declaimed the tenor recitatives most creditably. Four choruses from Handel's *Solomon* followed, in which Mr E. Trythall's flute was as melodious as ever, and Mrs Quance (Miss Vingoe) once more charmed her many admirers with her superb voice. The second part was miscellaneous, the most noticeable features of which were Miss Blackwell's rendering of the *finale* from Mendelssohn's concerto in G for pianoforte (loudly applauded), and Mr Walter Macfarren's part-song, "You stole my love" (encored). Mr Michael Rice, of Torquay, led the band, Mr J. Burrows was the principal violin, and Mr R. White, jun., organist.

SHEFFIELD.—We have had a week of music. The directors of the Albert Hall have given us a series of organ recitals, varied by some vocal and instrumental performances, which have quite delighted the Sheffield people. M. Guilmant, the celebrated organist, from Paris, M. De Vroye, the well-known flautist, Miss Clinton Fynes, an accomplished London pianist, Mr J. W. Phillips, a young townsman, and Mr Peck, the violinist, together and separately, highly distinguished themselves, as well as Miss Tomlinson and Mr Thornton Wood, vocalists. Miss Fynes sustained the favourable impressions she made on previous occasions in Sheffield. Her performance of a Pastoral and Gavotte, for pianoforte and organ, with M. Guilmant, was particularly admired, as well as the duet for pianoforte and violin (with Mr Peck), by De Beriot and Osborne, on airs from *Guillaume Tell*, the last movement of which was vociferously encored. With brilliancy of execution she combines—writes the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*—refinement of expression, both of which qualities were displayed to advantage in Weber's Polacca. Her performance of Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home" also added considerably to the reputation she had already gained. The Albert Hall directors deserve our best thanks for the treats they have given us.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—A correspondent writes us as follows:—"Among the various musical gatherings in the country we know of none of more importance in the matter of musical education than Mr Rea's concerts. They extend over a period of four consecutive weeks this year, commencing on the 5th October. The orchestra is always one of the best that can be had, and the vocalists of the highest order. In the case of concerts extending over so long a period as four weeks it is of course necessary that the programmes should be of a very varied character, but we have always been pleased to observe that the lighter class music performed is always of the best. One of the most surprising features in connection with these concerts, and we think it unparalleled in the country, is the small charge for tickets. A transferable season ticket for reserved seats can be had for two guineas. How this can be done with an orchestra of 50 performers, containing such men as Messrs Carrodus, Cooper, Tyler, Radcliffe, Hutchins, Standen, E and A. Howell, is really surprising. The list of vocalists for this season contains Madame Sinico, Miss Wynne, Miss Banks, Madame Edna Hall, Madame Patey, Miss Julia Elton, Messrs Rigby, Cummings, Pearson, Patey, Lewis Thomas, and Signor Federici, &c."

BUXTON.—It is with considerable reluctance—writes the *Buxton Advertiser*—that we record the last Special Concert to be given by Mr Julian Adams this season, for they have been so very successful, and have afforded so much pleasure to our numerous visitors, that the series might have been profitably and agreeably prolonged. The vocalists were Miss Katherine Poyntz, Miss Helen D'Alton, and Signor Foli, who made his first appearance in Buxton on this occasion. The lady vocalists, established favourites in Buxton, were in excellent voice, and their efforts were warmly appreciated. Signor Foli sang Loder's "Diver" magnificently, and the "Shadow of the Cross" with deep manly emotion, full of strong devotional feeling. Signor Foli was "encored" in a manner which admitted of no refusal, when he gave "Heart of oak." Several other vocal pieces were well given by the above artists. Auber's overture to *Mañana*, "The National Music of all Nations," arranged by Mr Julian Adams, and Meyerbeer's March from *Le Prophète*, brought out all the well-known characteristics of the Pavilion Band. Mr Otto Bernhardt played one of his violin solos; and there was also a pianoforte solo by Mr Julian Adams, both of which were perfect specimens of art, and excited the greatest interest. Mr Adams will preside at the "ordinary" concerts for about six weeks longer.

CAIRO.—According to the *Pungolo*, the report that, after next year, the Khedive intends discontinuing his subvention to the Italian Opera, is so far from being true, that negotiations for 1876 are even now pending with various celebrities, including Mad. Adelina Patti.

MILAN.—M. Monplaisier's ballet of *Estella*, produced some eight years ago with tolerable success at the Canobbiana, has proved an utter failure at the Scala. The only thing good in it was the dancing of Signora Virginia Zucchi and Sig. Raffaele Grassi. It is to be hoped that Sig. Canepa's new opera, *I Pezzenti*, may realise the hopes which *Salvator Rosa* and *Estella* have so lamentably disappointed.

NAPLES.—Some excitement has just been created by the first appearance on any public stage of Signora Emma Wentner, who has made her *début* at the Teatro Nuovo as Rosina in *Il Barbiere*. She was exceedingly well received, both her voice and style producing a very favourable impression. Wentner is an assumed name. Her real family name is that of an old aristocratic Roman family. An uncle of hers, a Cardinal, was, some years since, a member of the Papal Ministry. Hence the more than usually great curiosity which she excites.—Sig. Molinari opens shortly the Teatro del Fondo with a numerous company, including Signore Skelding, Bignami, Cosmelli, Rossetti, Celega; Signori Sigelli, Cabella, and Scheggi, all favourites with the public here, besides many more not so well known. The repertory will include Sig. Marchetti's *Ruy Blas*, *La Naida*, and *I Diamanti della Corona*, with, perhaps, *L'Ombra*, and *Dinorah*—also, perhaps. Two perfectly new operas, moreover, will be produced: *Corinna*, by Sig. Nino Rebera, of Genoa, and *L'Ultimo dei Mori in Spagna*, by Sig. Parravano.—A short time since, as Enrico Petrella, the composer, was going to visit his house where some repairs were being carried on, he was suddenly attacked by a tall young fellow, with his face blacked, who tore away Sig. Petrella's watch and chain, with both which he instantly made off. The composer followed, crying "Stop thief!" The robber suddenly turned round and menaced his pursuer with a revolver. Thanks to this he made his escape, though the robbery was effected in the public street at half-past one in the afternoon. It is not so much the mere pecuniary loss, amounting to about sixty pounds sterling, which the composer regrets as the loss of the articles themselves, the watch having been presented to him by his friends and admirers when his opera, *I promessi Sposi*, was produced at Lecco, and the chain, when another work of his, *Marco Visconti*, was brought out at the Politeama, Rome.

THE NEW OPERA HOUSE IN PARIS.

(From the "Daily News.")

By a rare privilege I have been allowed to visit the interior of the Opera House, which is being fast hastened towards completion. With the aid of a little imagination one can easily compose, from what one already sees, the *coup d'œil* it will present when thrown open to the gilded public, for M. Garnier has not provided places for any other. As the mind moulds the physiognomy, so the spirit of a period stamps its artistic productions. And no class of artist is more susceptible of the subtle and all-pervading influence of his time than the dominating one—the architect who constructs the stage upon which the others play their respective and varied parts. The Second Empire is defunct; but, so long as the Opera House stands, no thoughtful person will be at a loss to understand why in 1870 the French Army collapsed at Sedan.

On showing my pass to a *conciierge* at one of the doors facing towards the Boulevard, I was handed over to a builder's foreman, looking as if just rolled in flour. The dust of plaster and sawn stone made him white all over, as soot blackens the young sweep. He was a fat little man, with a keen hazel eye, which belied the Kenealy doctrine about the witlessness of corpulent men. This highly powdered individual read the pass, twisted it in his fingers as if to aid cogitation, and said it was in contradiction with the positive orders of the head of his department. But being a civil fellow, and I dare say glad to get away from the corps of stucco moulders he directed, he went to see what could be done. I remained for possibly a quarter of an hour, in a stone passage, through which, fine as was the weather, a sharp draught came, raising a cloud of white dust in its passage.

The fat foreman returned with a decorated overseer, who, after making a feeble resistance to my demand for entrance on the strength of the pass, said that he thought there would be no harm done in showing me over the building. His responsibility thus covered, the whitened artisan with his ruler signed to me to follow, and waddled along the breezy vestibule in the direction, I thought, of the *Chaussée d'Antin*, our first halt was at the foot of a wide and very high flight of stone stairs. "The entrance of those ladies and gentlemen," said he, pointing to a street door, through which workmen went in and out. "It is unfortunate," he continued, casting as he spoke a rueful glance at the toilet-some ascent, "that the lifts do not yet operate just here. The stairs are only intended for those afraid of being elevated by machinery. Every precaution has been taken to render life easy to those ladies—M. Garnier has been in all that concerns them the very pink of gallantry." "Naturally," I observed, "the Frenchman is born gallant." "That depends," said my guide. "The *figurantes*, I can assure you, have not too great reason to bless him. But, *ma foi*, they are a weatherbeaten lot. It would be hard to find a pretty girl in a whole regiment of those engaged as operatic choristers." With this we ascended the stairs. "You have observed," said the fat foreman again, "a block of buildings of great height, which masks the central part of the Opera House from the Boulevard Haussmann. This block, if you take the ground floor, the *entresol*, and the *mansarde*, is eight storeys high. We are now in it. Its destination is, to serve as *loges*,—that is to say, dressing and receiving rooms for the troupe. On the ground floor there will be waiting-rooms for tailors, and dressmakers, and musical publishers and others.

The stars of the first magnitude will be lodged in the first floor of the tall block of buildings. To the lowest in the scale of the operatic hierarchy will be assigned the highest perches. As stars of great magnitude are scarce, the architect can, and does, afford to give them spacious dressing and receiving rooms. Light, air, and space, the *prima donna* will revolve in between the acts. Her looking-glasses are already set up. The artists' mirrors, and especially the ones in the *ballerines'* "review" saloons, are the best St. Gobian has yet turned out. They each cover a side wall. A complicated system of lights, top, side, and foot, and a limelight, function in connection with every big mirror. Should fire break out there are cocks with which to turn on water. My *cicerone* was sorry I could not see the plans. "That wooden partition," he said, when we entered a *prima donna's* apartment, "will be padded with satin. We shall have *loges* for blondes, for brunettes, and for intermediate tints. In fact, there will be for all complexions and physiognomies. Dark beauties' chambers will be upholstered with buttercup-yellow tufted with black, and those of fair-haired singers, with blue and buttercup, or with tender green and pale pink. A *prima donna* signing a long engagement is, of course, to have the faculty of refurbishing and putting up fixtures the may fancy. The mantelpieces on the first floor are of choice marble, and not less choice sculpture. Those for the use of stars of the lyric stage are a trifle more severe than in the chambers reserved for successful rotaries of Terpsichore. The rank and file of the ballet will wash and dress in a room about the height, length, and half the breadth of the Zodiac-hall of the Grand Hotel. This room somehow gives one the impression of a stable. The two rows of washstands running from end to end correspond to the

manger. It will be warmed with hot flues and lighted from above. When occupied by the *corps-de-ballet* I can fancy it becoming a disorderly den. Over each stand there is an open press, in which the dancer can stow away her haresfoot rouge brush, her gallipots, and pounce-boxes. Beneath there is a cupboard with two compartments, one of which is for street, and the other for theatrical clothing. We pass out of this room into the manager's reviewing hall, which communicates with the dancers' greenroom, and an apartment where, if the Empire had maintained its ground, would be the cabinet of the Director of Menus Plaisirs. Crossing this hall we gained the Emperor's apartments, which will, pending the actual provisional régime, be left unfinished. Menus Plaisirs have always had a big place in French Court life, but never so big as under the second Empire. The *Salle des Menus* at Versailles, which, with a levity disrespectful to the nation, M. de Calonne gave to the *Tiers États* for its Parliament-house, was a mere shanty in comparison to the gimcrack building which I visited this morning. I fully endorse the opinion of my stout guide, "Que l'Empire savait vivre." His "Ma foi, oui," I echoed, as he took me through boudoirs, dressing rooms, and saloons, whose luxurious style is perceptible in spite of naked walls, dusty floors, and ungilt, unpainted ceilings. Without being at the trouble of entering the State box, the Court—if there should be ever such a thing in Paris—can enjoy a scene on the stage, and, reclining on sofas, listen to music softened by distance. I was asked if I should like to see the Emperor's box. Curiosity prompted an affirmative answer. But there was nothing striking to be seen in it. It is not larger nor loftier than the State box of the old Opera House. We next directed our steps along a curved passage leading to the stage, or rather to a scaffolding overlooking a dark chasm, where the stage is to be. When we debouched here, the machinery below was being tried. In the obscure pit, which gaped like a horrid maw, the action of rollers, pulleys, cogs, and wheels, vertical and horizontal, produced an effect analogous to a drop of putrefied water seen through a powerful microscope. Presently we saw overhead the counterpart of what had passed below. An engineer standing by explained that there will be no side slips. By a system of lifts, the stage, when the scene changes, will be let down into the vault, or elevated bodily above the flies. Those planks which were being lifted up lightly as though they were feathers, and let down to the cellars, which are a third the height of the theatre, were to test the working of the machinery. I thought it worked well; the engineer, however, feared one day a catastrophe. The top lift had already come down with a crash, twisting up some iron bolts as if they had been knitting-needles. An army of gilders, painters, and plasterers are at work in the theatre and the different lobbies and greenrooms. The plan of lighting at the top has been abandoned, and the old-fashioned lustre will hang from the concave ceiling.

Three tiers of balconies and of very narrow, very shallow, very low-browed boxes form, with the amphitheatre, "the house." A Parisian would call these boxes *décolleté*. They are intended to show off the corsages of fair occupants. Hitherto it sufficed for those not caring to sit in the balcony or to parade themselves in the greenroom to dress the head and adorn the neck and shoulders. In the new Opera House the greater part of the toilet will be exposed to the *lognettes* of critical observers. The public has been sacrificed to the grand stairs by which the Court was to have entered to the Imperial apartments, to the actresses' chambers, and the greenrooms. The playgoers' greenrooms deplorably lack height. When the pictures of M. Baudry are put up they will, I am afraid, bring out yet more this defect.

We retraced our steps a little way, and then turned to the right, into the dancers' greenroom, which is one of the finest specimens of the bride's-cake style of architecture. I know nothing in the shape of an apartment so like a costly valentine. The ceiling is a fruit and flower garden, in which gilded cupids disport themselves. At each side, running in the direction of the theatre, is a colonnade formed of pillars so twisted and so gilt as to resemble in certain lights those sticks of barley-sugar which are sold at French fairs. A single plate of looking-glass fills the side of this room facing the stage, to which, by the removal of elip partitions, it can be united. The lyrical greenroom is not so far advanced. It will be less meretricious, and adorned with some of M. Baudry's pictures. We rapidly passed through a whole wing destined to the manufacture of creams and ices and their consumption. The Empire was Cæsarian in the respect of a luxurious palace. The confectionery of the Opera is of a piece with the new kitchens of the Elysée. James, too, has his greenroom, and a very splendid one it is. I was taken to it by a staircase intended chiefly for ticket-porters, ouvreuses, and those charged with the sale of oranges and refreshments in the "house." The ceiling is elaborately ornate, and stands on rows of light Moorish pillars. Happy will be the valet whose mistress subscribes to the Opera. And turning our back on the domestics' foyer, we descend some stairs, and wind about narrow vestibules, until we debouch on the semi-circular entrance hall, with its marble portico, where Madame Thiers held her bazaar. Thence we

are led to the stairs, the most effective piece of architecture in the building. The outlines are majestic. When the pictures are added the general effect cannot fail to be grandly captivating. The steps are wide and made of a sort of rough white marble, not at all slippery. Balusters of *rosso antico* spring from slabs of *verd antico*, ascend in a bold, undulating, and continuous line to the level of the highest tier. We admire, and follow the balusters to the first floor or lobby, each end of which a muse of M. Baudry will grace. A corridor of fine proportions is next gained, corresponding to the chief vestibule facing the Rue de la Paix. The decorator has already done much for this chamber, which reminds one of Apollo's Gallery in the Louvre. In my opinion it would be the better if less gilded. But the pictures, which are not yet up, may tone down the metallic glare, and if they do not, gas will in the course of a few years. The *grand foyer* comes next. It is of vast proportions. Were dark dresses the fashion, their wearers would stand out against its gilded walls like Byzantine saints. The principal greenroom in its present picturesque state has the appearance of a Turkish mosque. Its vaulted ceilings are covered with elaborate scroll work on a golden ground. The colonnade is of majestic height; the portals are noble in proportions and design. When the Olympus of Baudry is installed in this superb apartment it will be, perhaps, take it all in all, the finest of any modern European edifice.

MUSIC AT SAN FRANCISCO.

Some time has elapsed since I had the pleasure to communicate to you the musical report of this City of Gold. On the 18th of this month was the opening of the Mechanics' Institute Exhibition. The Rev. Mr Barnes opened it with an oration and prayer; and a grand orchestra and chorus of three hundred voices, "Thanks be to God," and "Hallelujah Chorus." The orchestra played, during the day, various selections &c., by principal composers. On the 23rd, *La Traviata* at the California Theatre, which was quite full, for the benefit of Signorina Adelina Speranzi, and very fashionable audience. Signorina Speranzi's Violetta was given with much freshness and *elan* to an appreciative audience. Since we heard her last nothing of its magnificent quality was lost, as was evidenced by her rendering of the *brindisi*, "Libiamo ne' Lieti." Owing to the reprehensible practice of encoring particular portions of a complete work, like an opera, the *prima donna* and Signor Baccei (Alfonso Germont) fell into a little awkwardness, on a repetition being demanded in this case, from which they were handsomely recovered, however, by the skill of the *chef d'orchestre*, Herr Reiter. In "Un di felici," the exquisite air that follows the "Libiamo," Signor Baccei won hearty applause by the manner of his execution, and the applause was still more intensified in favour of Signorina Speranzi's rendering of "Ah fors e lui." Signor Marra (Georgio) was in capital voice, and distinguished himself by singing "De Provenza del mai." Not only in the case of principal voices, but also in the choruses and orchestration, the opera was quite a success. The building of the Mechanics' Institute Exhibition extends 110,000 square feet; space, 130,000 feet square.—At Professor Mulder Fabri's six subscription concerts, at Platt's Hall, selections from Schubert, Rossini, Adam, Meyerbeer, De Beriot, Mendelssohn, Balfe, Stephen Heller, will be represented. The first concert of the six subscriptions took place on the 27th inst. The following programme was inaugurated before a large and fashionable audience. The programme was rather too long, there being a plethora of good things; as a rule, twelve numbers would have been quite sufficient. The concert opened with a lovely duet on a theme from Weber's *Precioso*, by Mendelssohn and Moscheles. Professor Fabri and F. Gilder played this in a manner that was not equal to what was expected of two such artists. Some passages were rather indistinct, and the *finale* too slow. The selection of Schubert's songs which followed was an exceedingly good one. It consisted of: 1. "The Nun;" 2. "The Wanderer;" 3. "On the sea;" 4. Barcarole; 5. "Briar Rose;" 6. Shakespeare's serenade, "Hark! the lark." Nos. 1, 5, and 6 were deliciously sung by Madame Fabri, who has not been heard to such advantage for a long time. Nos. 2 and 4 were sung by Miss Elzer, who does not sing the "Wanderer" so well as she does the "Water song;" No. 3, by Mr Voges, who is slowly, but certainly, improving. The second part contained the famous duo from *L'Etoile du Nord*, for Prascovia and Caterina—Madame Fabri and Miss Elzer; air with variations, Adolphe Adam—Mrs Babcox; a rondo brilliant, as sung by Malibran, for Miss Elzer; and

various other *morceaux*, interpreted by Signor Baccei, Mr Gilder, Mr Makin, and Mr Voges. Signor Baccei sang a song from Balfe's *Talisman*, but a sometimes exaggerated method of making very *forte* and very *piano* passages succeed each other, rendered it impossible to judge what the composition was like. The National Anthems, at the close, were well given, and loudly applauded. The accompaniments were played throughout by Professor Fabri in a masterly fashion. The concert was a decided success. The next concert takes place on the 10th September. I will inform you more anon. The Voges Family draw full houses at California Theatre.—Yours truly,
San Francisco, August 29, 1874. VAN PRAAG.

ORGAN RECITAL.

Mr W. T. Best gave an organ recital of sacred music on Tuesday, September 8th, on the new organ, erected by Messrs Hill and Son, London, in St Paul's Church, Stalybridge. The following is the programme:—

March, for the organ (J. E. Richardson, Organist of Salisbury Cathedral); Canzone, A minor (Alex. Guilman); Prelude and Fugue, B flat major (Bach); Air, with variations, from the Symphony in D (Haydn); Organ Concerto, F major (Handel); Fantasia on a Chorale (first time of performance) (W. T. Best); Air, "Righteous heaven" (Rossini); Organ Sonata, No. 4, B flat major (Mendelssohn); Andante, for the organ, D major (E. Silas); Finale to the Fourth Organ Symphony (C. M. Widor, Organist of St Sulpice, Paris).

Description of the organ:—

GREAT ORGAN—CC TO G.

1 Bourdon.....	16 feet (tone) ...	wood	56 pipes.
2 Open Diapason	8 "	metal	56 "
3 Stopped Diapason	8 "	wood	56 "
4 Cone Gamba	8 "	metal	56 "
5 Harmonic Flute	4 "	do.	56 "
6 Principal	4 "	do.	56 "
7 Twelfth	3 "	do.	56 "
8 Fifteenth	2 "	do.	56 "
9 Sesquialtra—3 ranks.....	8 "	do.	168 "
10 Trumpet	8 "	do.	56 "

CHOIR—CC TO G.

11 Keraulophon	8 feet	metal	56 "
12 Claribella	8 "	wood	56 "
13 Viol d'Amour.....	8 "	metal	44 "
14 Principal	4 "	do.	56 "
15 Wald Flute	4 "	wood	44 "
16 Cremona	8 "	metal	44 "

SWELL—CC TO G.

17 Double Diapason—treble }	16 feet (tone) ...	metal	56 "
18 Do. bass }	16 "	wood	
19 Open Diapason	8 "	metal	56 "
20 Stopped diapason—treble }	8 "	wood	56 "
21 Do. bass }	8 "	do.	
22 Dulciana	8 "	metal	44 "
23 Principal	4 "	do.	56 "
24 Twelfth	3 "	do.	56 "
25 Fifteenth	2 "	do.	56 "
26 Mixture—3 ranks	8 "	do.	168 "
27 Cornopean	8 "	do.	56 "
28 Oboe	8 "	do.	56 "
29 Tenoroon Trumpet to Tenor C	16 "	do.	44 "
30 Clarion	4 "	do.	56 "
31 Voix Céleste—2 ranks	8 "	do.	88 "
32 Vox Humana.....	8 "	do.	44 "

PEDAL—CC TO F.

33 Open Diapason	16 feet	wood	30 "
34 Bourdon.....	16 "	do.	30 "
35 Violoncello.....	8 "	do.	30 "

TOTAL.....1,954 "

COUPLERS.

36 Swell to Great.	39 Swell to Pedal.
37 Swell to Great Octave.	40 Choir to Pedal.
38 Swell to Choir.	41 Great to Pedal.

Three Composition Pedals to Great Organ. Three ditto to Swell.
Radiating Pedals. Diagonal Draw Stops. Tremulant to Swell.
Wind supplied by Hydraulic Power.

ROME.—The Teatro Argentina was to be opened on the 3rd inst. with Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*.

OPERA IN VIENNA.*

Wholly and solely to the overwhelming busy concert season of 1873-1874 must be ascribed the incompleteness of my operatic notices for the last twelve months. During that time there was a concert on nearly every evening in the week! Then, very soon indeed after the close of the concert-season, Opera also was allowed a rest of several months. I can, therefore, in this department of art, furnish your paper only with sketches, and not with any finished pictures. Luckily, the way in which the Imperial Opera is managed, both as regards the repertory and the casting of the different works, enables critics to take things as easily as possible. Whether, or how much, art gains by so lazy a system is truly another question. The repertory of our Imperial Operahouse has never for a long time been so poor in absolute novelties or freshly disinterred "pearls of former days," as good as new, as it has been since the accession to office of one who, like Johann Herbeck, undoubtedly belongs to the most brilliantly capable men of the day as an arranger and director of all kinds of musical performances for chamber, church, or theatre. He to whose clever judgment and supervision we have been indebted, during a long series of years, for the most enlivening and most purportful concert repertoires, as well as for the most spirited symphonico-vocal performances, which the older and the younger generation of Viennese could remember; he, who, whether devoting his strength to opera, symphony, choral composition, or mass, understands better, perhaps, than any one else in our legion of conductors, to impart by means of his conducting stick a still higher dash, if possible, to what was originally clever, and to present what is meaningless, or what is called middling, no matter to what tone-sphere it belongs, as though it were something sprung immediately from a prominently creative mind; he, in a word, the musician, musical poet, and first-class conductor, led us, when he took the helm of management at the Opera to expect, with almost apodictic confidence, a truly Messiah-like redemption of the repertory from the state of ruin it had reached, and, moreover, a thorough resuscitation of our operatic performances, which, up to his time, were, I might almost say, not only irrevocably buried in the rut of routine, but, also, in every respect, of a humdrum character. We dreamed that we should have historico-classical opera of every epoch, as well as the high-romantic productions of our own day, restored for a long time, and in the greatest possible perfection, through his vigorous initiative, to the Viennese boards, which represent the world. A similarly beautiful dream caused us augur-like to foresee all these masterpieces of the Past and the Present presented to us with a brilliancy and spirit scarcely ever known anywhere else.

The experience of some years has, however, produced something very different, and, I will not disguise the fact, disappointing. The so-called classical legacies of former times, have, it is true, been left untouched. Nay, Mozart, with his *Entführung*, and his piece interspersed with songs *Der Schauspielerdirector*, which came some few times to the surface, has been represented with even more completeness than before. Beethoven's *Fidelio* is from time to time condescendingly endured. To his *Der Freischütz* and his *Euryanthe*, which crops up far too seldom, C. M. von Weber has lately been added as companions *Oberon*, and the charming piece interspersed with songs, *Abu Hassan*. Schubert's *Häuslicher Krieg*, too, sometimes flaps its thoroughly humorous and charmingly graceful pinions. But Gluck shines by his total absence, as much as do by theirs, the operas of Italy, France, and Germany of the pre-Gluckian period, and those springing directly from it, if we except an occasional revival, or rather condescending toleration of Cherubini's work *Les deux Journées*. As little notice is taken of Spontini as of Spohr. Directors before Herbeck at any rate now and then endured the *Cortez* of the former and the *Jessonda* of the latter. *Tempi passati!* Marschner's *Hans Heiling*, a stock opera under Herbeck's predecessors and under Herbeck himself, has long been relegated *ad acta*. The same master's *Templer* likewise sleeps the sleep of the Just as do, also, *Adolf von Nassau*, *Thüringschwert* and every thing belonging to the period before Gluck and immediately after it. Richard Wagner is represented by legacies from the times of infinitely less intelligent managements, that is by the well-known operatic tetralogy,

Rienzi, *Der fliegende Holländer*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin*, and lastly by *Die Meistersinger*, which was secured for us long before the accession of Herbeck. Very recently, Schumann's *Genoveva* cropped up, after many a theatre in large capitals and small towns had experimented on that undeniably rich necklace of musical pearls *καὶ ἰσοχρῆ*, which, however, is deficient in anything like dramatic spirit and nerve. The question as to whether this work, brought out here with lavish liberality in every respect, is adapted for dramatic representation, may be decided, thanks to our actual experience, without more ado.

But even our non-classical, and non-classico-romantic repertory of music which tickles the world and its ears, and with which, as experience has shown, "a good stroke of business" may be done, is in an exceedingly poverty-stricken condition at the Imperial Operahouse. The "Swan of Pesaro" shines there only by his *Tell*; Bellini, simply by his *Norma*; Donizetti, of late, exclusively by his *Dom Sébastien*; and Auber, the grand master of his peculiar style, or styles, since he proved as great an adept in *opera seria* as in *opera comica*, only by his *Muette*, and occasional revivals of *Fra Diavolo*. The universal musician Balfe has, for years, happily—I use the word without wishing to influence any one's opinion—not been represented. Balfe's ally, too, Flotow has been pretty well dropt. On the other hand, *Robert*, *Les Huguenots*, *Le Prophète* nay, even *Donorah*, and *L'Etoile du Nord*, are flourishing, while close by these works of a higher, that is more skilful, and in the fullest signification of the term, refined handiwork, are plebeian or proletarian specimens of art like *Mignon* and *Il Trovatore*. For the sake of completeness, I add *La Juive*, *Faust*, and *Roméo et Juliette*. But stop! It is from a feeling of thorough conviction as regards the works of his earlier period, with that sporadic exception, the delineation of Azucena and Rigoletto—that I assigned *maestro* Verdi so low a position. When writing this, however, I did not recollect that, in the course of last spring, Herbeck gave us Sig. Verdi's *Aida*, the only novelty for 1873-74, in the first two acts of which we could hardly recognise him whom in his art totality we had classed with "Franconi's people," such was the seriousness, the strictness, the carefulness in every kind of musical and musico-dramatic design and realization so forcibly exhibited in the above portion of *Aida*. Of the third act, or, at least, the greater part thereof, the long established maxim: "Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret," holds good. From the perfectly true picture here given of the repertory at our Imperial Opera, let the reader form his own opinion respecting the state of things there.

As to the question of execution, I must remark that all the performances over which Herbeck himself presides, for delicate smoothness and thoroughly poetic feeling, leaves no reasonable wish unsatisfied. This applies to everyone concerned in them, from the orchestra up to—or, if the reader prefers it; down to—the last member of the chorus and the last solo singer. As a general rule, the technically and intellectually inimitable expansiveness, and the power of doing anything, if they only seriously wished it, characterising the members of our Imperial Orchestra, had become an almost infallible axiom before Herbeck's time, and these qualities have even increased under his rule. Our chorus, too, since Herbeck assumed the reins of power, sings and emphasises with a degree of exactitude, delicacy, and freshness, scarcely to be equalled elsewhere. Among the principal singers sharp boundary lines must be drawn as regards their suitability for their respective branches of business. From out them all, Mad. Dustmann, and in the droll and humorous style usually assigned him, Herr Mayerhofer, are, regarded from a vocal as well as a musico-elocutionary point of view, the only persons of really artistic sentiment. It is a pity that Mad. Dustmann, though able to sing and act with intelligence and feeling, is utterly incapable of speaking in the same way! All the principal singers I have named, are mannerists, imitators, and creatures of routine, some bearable, and others utterly incapable of improvement. When Herbeck wields the sceptre—which, unfortunately, since his late severe illness, he seldom or never does—the good qualities to which I have just referred are brought the more prominently forward, while the defects appear less glaring. But if men who understand simply form, like the other two, or recently three, conductors, are at the desk, the mere mechanical element comes out in all its glory; everything like spirit goes to the deuce, while

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

phlegmatic indifference, or its clashing antithesis, the most inconsiderate course of helterskelter, is the wretched residuum.

Concerning Vienna's "Komische Oper" which had scarcely risen into sight before it sank again, I propose not writing at length until—as we are told it will—it wakes up, in due time, from its obligatory summer sleep into new being. DR L.

AS THE SUN WAS SLOWLY SINKING.

As the sun was slowly sinking,
Wandered forth a maiden thinking,
And the air with joy was ringing,
For the lark was sweetly singing.

What strange feeling now comes o'er her,
When she sees one form before her,
Though her heart is loudly beating,
She must on, there's no retreating.

And she thinks that, with dissembling,
Perhaps he may not see the trembling,
Will not mark the accents falter,
Will not see the pale cheek alter.

Was it chance that made him meet her?
But he quickly came to greet her,
On her courage then relying,
She advanced while day was dying.

Both returned where but one only
Went before; no longer lonely,
And the dew drops brightly glisten;
To their talk I did not listen.

BARCELONA.—It is said that Herr R. Wagner's *Rienzi* and *Lohengrin* will be shortly produced here.

HAMBURG.—The Stadttheater was re-opened with *Lohengrin*, in which Mdle Zimmermann and Herr Nachbar sustained the two principal parts.

MARSEILLE.—The Committee of the International Exhibition of Modern Inventions and Discoveries has presented M. Charles Meerens with an honorary diploma for his new method of Musical Notation.

BERLIN.—The bills of the Royal Operahouse have recently exhibited great variety. In one week, for instance, no less than six operas have been given: *Stradella*, *Tannhäuser*, *Das Nachtlager zu Granada*, *Iphigenia in Tauris*, and *Die Zauberpfeife*—not a bad list for a single week.—Herr V. Brenner has been giving a series of interesting instrumental concerts at the Concerthaus.

WIESBADEN.—There is every reason to believe that the Government have fully determined on establishing here a Rhenish High School of Music, similar to the School in Berlin. It is said that the professional staff will include Mdme Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind), Herren Otto Goldschmidt, Aug. Wilhelm, Joachim, Raff, and Lindhult.—The post of Town-Conductor, which was recently vacant, has been conferred on Herr Max Seifritz, of Stuttgart. It is not worth much, but no less than 46 Capellmeister applied for it.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—The *Frankfort Didaskalia* contains the following:—A concert in the theatre, and, moreover, at the beginning of autumn, is extremely rare: therefore, special reasons must have induced the direction to engage Mr Oberthür, the celebrated professor of the harp at the London Academy of Music, which, however, was fully justified by the result, inasmuch as the theatre was very full. The excellent artist received the most flattering appreciation, and was several times recalled. It would be superfluous to say anything in justification of such honourable distinction, which is a natural consequence of the well and long established reputation, and the remarkable activity of this artist, who, in the full sense of the word, is master of his instrument, as he has brilliantly proved in former concerts of the Museum. On the evening in question his playing was distinguished by the ease with which he surmounted the greatest difficulties, and the variety he produced in the "tone-colours"—now rushing forth in immense passionate waves of sound, then again in softest most elf-like murmurings. In both the pieces which Mr Oberthür performed he proved himself, also, a composer of undoubted merit. His "Concertino" with orchestra is masterly in form and treatment of the orchestral resources, and the effect of the slow movement, which is a perfect gem, was such as to elicit general applause. His second piece, entitled, "Clouds and Sunshine," was also rich in interesting effects for the harp, and was given with unsurpassed brilliancy and taste. Mr Oberthür was expected for a second appearance on a later date, but, having gone to Vienna since, he was unable to return in time.

WAIFS.

Mr W. C. Levey has written a grand orchestral cantata, which will shortly be produced at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts. It is called *The Man of War*, and will engage the whole strength of the orchestra, military band, and chorus.

A LOYAL BIRD.—In a tobaccoconist's shop, at Kensington, there is a parrot which sings Brinley Richards' "God bless the Prince of Wales" with an energy which would astound Odger and his friends. Many of the words of the song are pronounced with great distinctness by the bird.

Mdme Pauline Lucca, the celebrated *prima donna*, who recently married a Prussian nobleman, has bought the "Goldenberg" from Professor Stocker, near Schirmensee, on the Lake of Zurich, where she proposes living quietly after having made a farewell tour through the largest capitals of Europe.—*Continental Herald*.

The musical portion of the service at the Berkeley Street Synagogue was admirably performed on the "Day of Atonement." Dr Verrinder was excellent on the organ, and gave gratification to all the assembled worshippers. A quartet, in which two ladies and two gentlemen took part, and a solo in the eighty-fourth psalm, sung by Miss Grace Lindo, gave unmitigated satisfaction.—*Jewish Chronicle*, September 25th, 1874.

Cardinal Cullen issued on Sunday last a fulminating epistle, in the shape of a letter to be read in all the Romish churches in Dublin, against one of the scenes in Balfe's *Il Talismano*, now performing at the Theatre Royal. This letter appears to have made but little impression, judging by the attendance on Monday, which was greater than on any previous evening. The lessees of the theatre, however, felt compelled to act on the suggestion, and to withdraw the scene.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh honoured the Promenade Concert yesterday week, at Covent Garden, by their presence. The house was well filled. In the second part of the programme their Royal Highnesses asked for the value, "In the new Home" (dedicated to H.R.H. the Duchess of Edinburgh), by Herr Kéler Bô'a, which was greatly applauded; and, after the performance, their Royal Highnesses honoured the composer by an introduction.

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7. *Oh, boatman, row Donizetti.
8. *Village bride Costa.
9. *Pilgrim's evening Wagner.
10. *Music of the night Hatton.
11. *I love my love Allen.
12. *Hark! o'er the Wallace.

BOOK III.

13. *Now lightly we Balfe.
14. *Hark! o'er the Balfe.
15. *A psalm of life Pissuti.
16. *Araby's daughter Oberthur.
17. *Come o'er the waters Bonoldi.
18. *Where the fairies Balfe.

BOOK IV.

19. *The skylark Gilbert.
20. *Hark! the Gondolier Riccardi.
21. *Too late Barnett.
22. *When the moon is Bishop.
23. *The sun has been Bishop.
24. Bridal Chorus Barnett.

BOOK V.

25. *Merry minstrels are Wagner.
26. *Good morning Lillo.
27. *Hark! the merry Flotow.
28. *With song of bird Flotow.
29. *Happy as the day Wallace.
30. *The red cross banner Badia.

BOOK VI.

31. *The distant bell Badia.
32. *The sunset bell Pissuti.
33. *Who'll follow Paggi.
34. *Sleep on Balfe.
35. *O the summer night Prentice.
36. *O hear ye not Smart.

BOOK VII.

37. *Sea flowers Barnett.
38. *Forest home Benedict.
39. *Warbler of the forest Benedict.
40. *Thoughts of home Benedict.
41. *Welcome Spring Philp.
42. *The noisy mill Paggi.

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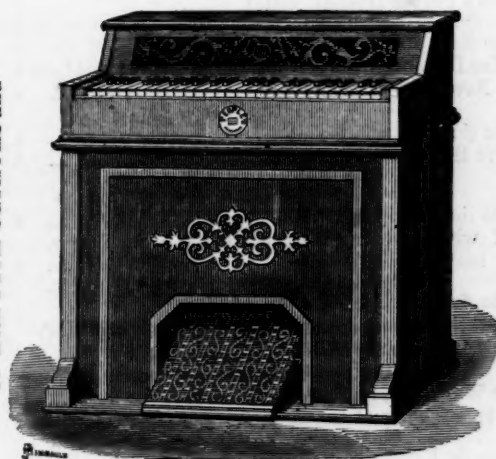
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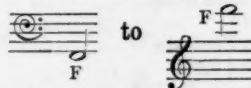
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VOCAL MUSIC.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Edith's Prayer (Placida Notte)	4	0	Weary hours (Abi che tedio che languor) Duet	4	0
Sung by M ^{me} CHRISTINE NILSSON, also by M ^{lle} TIETJENS (original key).			adapted from the Chorus of Ladies	4	0
Ditto (in C and B flat)	4	0	Beneath a portal (La guerra appena) Romance of		
Golden Lovelocks (Folto Chioma), Duet, Tenor, and Bass	4	0	Navarre	4	0
The Rose Song (Candido fiore)	4	0	Sung by M ^{lle} MARIE ROZE (original key).		
Sung by Signor CAMPANINI (original key).			Ditto (in E flat)	4	0
Ditto (in A flat and B flat)	4	0	The Lady Eveline (Canzone d'Evelina)	4	0
I love the sky (Mi piace un cielo)	4	0	Sung by M ^{me} CHRISTINE NILSSON, also by M ^{lle} TIETJENS (original key).		
Sung by Signor CATALANI.			Ditto (in C)	4	0
Song of Nectabanus (original key).			Keep the Ring (Quest' anel). Duet	4	0
Ditto (in C)	4	0	Sung by Madame CHRISTINE NILSSON and Signor CAMPANINI.		
Oh! who shall sing the rapture (Oh! chi d'amor,			Ditto , for Drawing-Room performance	4	0
fuoi mai)	4	0	Why Sweetheart (Caro perchè si dolente). Trio	4	0
Sung by Signor ROTA (original key.)			Sung by M ^{me} CHRISTINE NILSSON, M ^{lle} MARIE ROZE and Signor ROTA.		
Ditto (in F)	4	0	A Song to Merrie England (Cantiam dell' Inghilterra),		
Monarch supreme (Sommo Signore), Prayer and War			Part-Song, S.A.T. and B.	4	0
Song (L' arco tendete)	4	0	Ditto , Glee for male voices, arranged by G. A.		
Sung by Signor ROTA (original key).			Macfarren	4	0
The War Song , Separate, in lower key	4	0	Radiant Splendours (Nella viva trepidanza)	4	0
On balmy wing (A te coll' aure a sera)	4	0	Sung by M ^{me} CHRISTINE NILSSON, also by M ^{lle} TIETJENS (original key).		
Sung by Signor CAMPANINI (original key).			Ditto (in B flat)	4	0
Ditto (in B flat)	4	0			

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

The Rose Song	Wilhelm Kuhe	4	0	Fantasia	Edouard Ronville	4	0
Ditto	E. L. Hime	4	0	Fantasia	G. A. Osborne	4	0
First Fantasia	Wilhelm Kuhe	4	0	The Crusaders' March	M. W. Balfe	3	0
Second ditto	Ditto	4	0	Ditto , For Two Performers.	Sir Julius Benedict	4	0
Fantasia	E. L. Hime	4	0	Fantasia	J. Theodore Trekell	4	0
War Song	Brinley Richards	4	0	Keep the Ring , Transcription	Ditto	4	0
Edith Plantagenet	E. L. Hime	4	0	Beneath a Portal , Transcription	Ditto	4	0
Fantasia	Madame Oury	4	0	Concert Fantasia	Frederic Archer	6	0

DANCE MUSIC.

The Talisman Waltz , Illustrated	C. Godfrey	4	0	The Talisman Quadrille , Illustrated	C. Godfrey	4	0
The Talisman Galop , Ditto	Ditto	4	0	The Talisman Lancers , Ditto	C. Coote	4	0

JULES ROCHARD'S EASY PIECES.

Beneath a portal	2	0	The Rose Song	2	0
Radiant splendours	2	0	The Crusader's March	2	0
Ladies' Chorus and War Song	2	0	Golden Love-locks and Oh! who shall sing the rapture	2	0

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